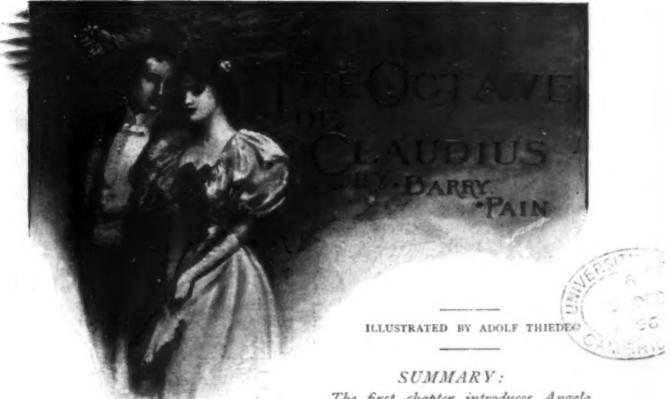


A DANCING GIRL
DRAWN BY RUTH HARDY



YOUNG BRITAIN
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. S. MENDELSSOHN



The first chapter introduces Angela Wycherley, a girl who is discontented with her life as it is regulated by her mother, who "was by way of being a woman of the world, with the world left

She desires Angela to marry Mr. Burnage, a not very attractive bachelor of some means. In the second chapter a young man, Claudius Sandell, is found in a faint by a doctor, Gabriel Lamb, outside his house at Wimbledon. The doctor takes the young man into his house and entertains him with perfect hospitality. The young man has been at Eton and Cambridge, but, for some reason which is not stated, is entirely destitute. He is fed, and arrangements are made to provide him with clothes, and Dr. Lamb-who explains that he does not practise, but is entirely engaged in research work—sees him safely in bed, and then explains to the servants and to his wife, who is afraid of him, that Sandell is to be treated precisely as if he had come to the house in the ordinary way as an honoured guest. In the meantime Mr. Burnage has made up his mind to marry Angela, being convinced that he has only to ask her. Just about this time Dr. Lamb, after divers conversations with the young man, writes to his banker instructing him to place £8,000 to the credit of Claudius Sandell. Why he did so is now to be explained, but it must be remembered that a conversation between Claudius and Dr. and Mrs. Lamb has put the doctor in a position to clear Claudius with his father. He declines to do it, or to let his wife do it.

CHAPTER VIII.

OWNSTAIRS in the study the two men went on talking, long after Mrs. Lamb had left them; Claudius felt himself to be just a shade above his normal state. The difference was very slight—a feeling of unusual contentment, almost of exaltation. Perhaps it was no more than the pleasure that comes in telling of trouble past. "Sandell," said the doctor, "in some re-

spects I observe that you are a practical man."

Claudius laughed. "I've never been accused of that before," he said. "Do you mean it?"

"Well, perhaps I should have put it that according to my view you are practical. The world would think otherwise; it would consider that you should have gone to your friends in London, and bothered them to find you work of some sort; it would rebuke you for your foolishness in having written a novel when you ought to have been earning money; it would have asked you why you did not take a post as a master in a private school, or become a cab-driver.—my wife tells me that you drive well; since either profession would have brought you a certain income."

"For that matter," said Claudius, "they would both have brought about the same income. Well, when I come to look back on my life now, I honestly think that the

world would be right."

"Do you? Is life, for mere life's sake, worth living? Could you, for instance, live on in a state of continual humiliation and obligation?"

"Do not forget that I am living in a state of great obligation at this moment.

It is true that I will not-"

"There, there—I wasn't referring to that. If it is any comfort to know it, I will give you the chance to-night to end all the obligations—even to place me under an obligation to you."

"I accept it at once," said Claudius,

impulsively.

"No, you must hear about it first. Oh, don't let's bother about it just now. Let me see, I was speaking of life for its own sake. There I entirely agree with what must have been your own belief. Life for its own sake is without value. I do not want it. You reached a point in your career in which you lived for your work alone. Believe me, whatever your future fate may be, you will always look back on that period with a great and legitimate elation. For myself, I always live for my work alone. I also should be elated only I haven't the time; besides my work makes me humble."

"Your work," Claudius said, "is different from mine. It is so much finer. I suppose that my novel is very bad. I have been too close to it, worked too long on it, to be able to form any opinion about it myself. Now that it is written I hardly ever think about it. But if it is good, and deserved reward, I should have it. The days of the unappreciated are over. The unseen blush is gone out. I work for myself and get a reward, if I deserve it. You work for humanity at

large, regardless of rewards."

"Pioneers are seldom rewarded," the doctor answered. "Ideas don't pay; the improvements on ideas do, and the tinkers are kings now-a-days. But I certainly have my reward. You have noticed, perhaps, that only people with imagination lay down wine. The old man in his cellar storing the vintage that he knows he cannot live to drink, tastes in that moment all its unborn perfections that one day his grandson overhead will praise. The man that plants trees sleeps in imagination under their grateful shade."

He began to pace slowly up and down

his study. He went on:

"And I have at least imagination enough to picture the humanity that might be, if my own line of research would do all that it promises. Sandell, it is well enough that we should look backward-from man to the anthropoid ape; from the ape to the original bird or reptile. But to look forward is better. We are not at the end yet. see-yes, in my mind's eye, I actually see—this new humanity. It walks erect, cringing to no mystery. It holds the keys of life or death-of heaven and hell. It is the master of its fate, makes its character, moulds its physique, has just what intellect it wills. And all that may happen if I will tell it, as I hope to tell it, some two or three things."

He opened the window, and looked out in the direction of the lights of

London.

"There!" he exclaimed. "There they are, millions of them, away in the smoke, laughing, sweating, living, dying! Each man of them is nothing as an individual. Charles Peace and William Shakespeare were both accidents. Yet how I am compelled—as by some blind force—to love them in the mass! They don't know where they came from or whither they go; they have their hopes about it, or their fears, or their complete indifference, but not one of them knows."

"Not one," echoed Claudius.

"They don't know their own potentialities. And most of them are half afraid to push the limits of their know-ledge. Yes, that is really pathetic—unspeakably pathetic."

"I should have thought," said Claudius, "that the tendency now-a-days was the opposite of that—a thirst to find out all

that one possibly could."

"Yes, yes-in certain directions."

" Not in all?"

"Not for the average man. He believes in his divine genius and his devilish criminal. He does not want to have them explained away; he does not want to find their origin traced otherwise than directly to God or devil. He will let the doctor give him pills for his body; but he believes that his mind and his morals are exclusively in the hands of God and fate."

"And you do not believe in any of that?"

"At any rate, I substitute 'very indirectly' for 'directly.' If there is any antagonism between religion and science, it is the fault of religion. It will defend untenable positions, and then—when the positions are lost-assert that it was unnecessary to have defended them, as they were immaterial. That kind of thing makes any man angry who loves truth. At the same time I do not rail against religion. While your raw medical student is making himself objectionable about the doctrine of the Incarnation, I am studying parthenogenesis. True, I sneered just now at the divinity of genius and the devilishness of the criminal. Neither has the inevitability which belongs to one's idea of a superhuman power. Bring me a genius, and permit me to hit him on the head; if I hit him hard enough, but not too hard, he will not die; but his genius will leave him, his books will remain unwritten, his pictures unpainted."

"But the reverse process," said Claudius, "to make a stupid man intelligent."

" By the simple operation required for the removal of a post-nasal growth, a stupid child may be made intelligent; the administration of a simple purge may preserve the sanity that a man would otherwise have lost; by the-but why should I quote these commonplaces? You know that the connection between mind and body exists—the connection between fear and the heart, for instance; between hope and the respiratory organ; between anger, or melancholy, and the digestive apparatus, is as well known as the connection between thought and the brain. After all, why should I bother you with the starting-points of medical psychology-of my own beliefs, and my own line of research?"

"Really, doctor, I am more eager to find out than you are to tell. I want to know how this research is going on, and how it will end."

"It will go on and end in the service of humanity. If I gave you the details, I think that you would regard me rather as a quack than as a doctor-a quack with the restless ambitions of a madman. Yet remember that the heterodoxy of to-day is the orthodoxy of to-morrow. What the charlatan falsely pretends to do, the man of science sneers at as impossible; but the man of science of the next generation actually does what that charlatan falsely pretends to do. If I have been ambitious, at any rate I have not been reckless. I have worked-I have won my way step by step. If I was ever tempted to make a theory, and one little fact stood in the path, I have either accounted for the fact or modified the theory, or abandoned it altogether. I have proved theories, on the other hand, that I should have never dared to imagine—they have been forced upon me by the chain of facts—theories that have never even been propounded before. As far as I have got I could write my discoveries on half a sheet of note-paper; but though they may be few they are vital. I tell you solemnly, Sandell, that the whole future of humanity depends upon them and what will follow them."

"Will it be long before you reach the end?"

"I cannot say. At present I cannor get on properly. I am in a position of the greatest tantalization and difficulty. If I had not learnt from my work the utmost patience and humility, this tantalization would be enough to drive me mad. I told you how—the other night—I almost forced the gate. That word almost, it comes in and spoils everything. There is one thing that I want."

"What is it?"

"I want a man whom I can trust implicitly—who will trust me implicitly."

I am at your service, doctor," Claudius answered. "I mean it. You said the other day that you knew I did not tell lies: I would keep your secrets."

"Ah, yes; it is proverbial, of course, that it is better not to show children or fools half-finished work! I should be reluctant to have one of my discoveries known at present, because it could be so easily misused. Still, you must not think that I'm the victim of scientific jealousy. Lord, what a lot there is of that! Let me do the work, and get the knowledge—and anyone else may have the glory of it. But you must hear more."

"Well?"



Doctor Lamb sat down again, his great hands interlocked, his eyes fixed steadily on Claudius. You must have had your finger on his pulse to know that he was going through critical and exciting moments.

"Sandell," he said, "do you remember that when you sold all your personal property, to get enough money to enable you to finish your novel, that you made one offer—ironical, I suppose—which the shopman was foolish enough not to accept."

"Yes. But my offer was more foolish

than his refusal."

"Your offer was foolish for two reasons. You asked too little. You have probably thirty efficient years before you in the ordinary course of things." The doctor pulled out a pocket-pencil, and did a rapid sum on his shirt-cuff. "The entire command of your body and soul must be worth to any man more than £33 6s. 8d. a-year. Even you must see that. You would get more if you simply worked for a few hours a day as a bricklayer's labourer. Then, again, you asked for a year in which to spend that money."

" Yes, too little."

"Too little, my dear Sandell? It was too much—very many times too much. Think what may happen in a year—the countless ties that one may form and find it difficult to break; the entire change that may come over one's opinions, the entire alteration in one's views of life. How could you go back at the end of a year? The temptation to break your word would be almost insuperable."

"Yet if I had made the senseless arrangement, I should have gone back."

"You would-but you would have rendered it difficult. Besides that year -that pleasant holiday in which you would have said farewell to the world and your own past-should have been characterised by freedom, as far as freedom could possibly be obtained. You said to-night that you had never tasted real freedom. You would certainly not have had it if you had lived for a year on a thousand pounds; you would have found yourself constantly exercising common care to avoid a pecuniary indiscretion. In that last holiday of your life, you should have no common careat any rate, no thought of money."

"Yes, it sounds reasonable. It always interests me to discuss imaginary con-

ditions of life—the moon-life of which we were speaking at dinner, for instance."

"Sandell," said the doctor, seriously, "the conditions which we are discussing now need not be imaginary. I told you that I wanted a man who would trust me implicitly. I want a man who will trust me so far that he will make over to me, asking no questions, the remainder of his life, for the consideration-eight thousand pounds-that I am prepared to offer. He must come to me as he would come to death itself, putting his past behind him and away from him, giving up himself, body and soul, to me. Twice recently have I found a man who would have been willing to have placed that trust in me; but in neither case could I have trusted the man. Sooner or later he would have gone back on his bargain, and, of course, the law would not have helped me. But I trust you. If you give me your word of honour, I do not want other security. I do not offer you more than you are worth to me-indeed, I am not wealthy enough to offer you as much as you are worth. You would leave me under an obligation. I offer eight thousand pounds, and I give you eight days."

"Are you really meaning this?"

"Yes."

"I am to ask no questions about the future?"

"It would be better not. For your own sake, it would be better that the eight days of holiday and farewell should be without anticipations — that you should be able to shut the future out of your mind. And for my sake—you must place yourself in my position, you know—it at any rate shows me that you place the same confidence in me that I do in you. Perhaps it is for that reason I ask it. Remember that I risk eight thousand pounds on your word alone."

"True. Why eight days? And I could not possibly take the money."

"On that point you must let me decide. The money is not too much. A thousand pounds a day will make it unnecessary for you to exercise common care; besides it will be a satisfaction to me to feel that I have paid it. In eight days you will not have time to form new ties, or make new opinions—only time to taste freedom for once in your life, to enjoy deeply, and yet not to that pitch of nausea which comes to those who

follow enjoyment for a long period; to say farewell in happiness instead of saying it—as you would have done on the night that I found you—in abject misery. For me the eight days is too long. I am impatient for—for your co-operation. Eight days—the octave that the Church gives to its saints—do not ask for more."

"Well, if I refuse, is there no other way by which I can repay my obliga-

tions to you?"

"Oh, why speak of them? If you refuse, there is an end of it, and I am charmed to have been able to give my medical advice, and my poor hospitality, to such a good fellow as yourself. That is all; that ends it so far as you are concerned. Of course there remains for myself a considerable disappointment."

The doctor's voice was careless: his expression was one of geniality and

generosity.

"It is a tremendous thing," said Claudius, slowly. "Yet I do not see why I should refuse. As you say, you found me when-if you had not found me—I should have died, probably. I really speak the truth without affectation, when I tell you that I was perfectly ready and willing to have died then. Very little has changed since. I have been away from all friends for so long, that I have got used to doing without them. I am still cut off from my father and my home. I have never been in love in my life. I am alone in the world. If I gave my mind to it now, I could probably make a livelihood—enough to give me bare life, without the things in it that I should like. But possibly I couldn't; if I could, I should be serving no good end. If I come to you, you use me, as you use yourself, for the service of man. I have no scientific training, and I do not see how I can help you. But you know that. What you say suggests to me that you may require my assistance in some-well, you know, doctor, it is inevitable that in your research there should be experiments, and I daresay some of them are singularly repulsive. You may require from me good nerves, laboriousness so great that it takes no account of health, and complete secrecy and devotion, rather than scientific attainments. I do not see why I should not leave these things to you. I have myself had some experience of your unusual knowledge—the rapidity with which I recovered my strength under your treatment was almost miraculous. Still more have I reason to trust your kindness and humanity—it is not merely the material kindness that I have had from you. I think under difficult circumstances you have shown more delicate regard for the feelings of a foolishly sensitive man than ever I experienced before. You showed no trace even of unkindliness when I spoke of refusing your offer, proving, if proof had been wanted, that your generosity was spontaneous, without a second motive."

Claudius was not looking at Dr. Lamb at this moment; the doctor half closed

his eyes, and smiled slightly.

There was a short pause. Claudius sat with his eyes fixed on one point of the carpet, then he drew a long breath, and said:

"I put the responsibility for myself in your hands, doctor. I accept. I will take my eight days of freedom, and then come

back to you."

"You understand that you give me your word of honour," said the doctor, "and that the arrangement once made will not be revoked. It will be terminated only by your own death or mine."

"Yes."

A deep-toned clock struck the hour of midnight. The doctor stretched himself, picked up a cigarette, and lit it. "Extraordinary thing, Sandell," he said, "the difficulty that two men have who are not used to business experience in concluding a money bargain with each other. They shirk it, and get awkward in their manner, and clumsy in their speech. Well, it's over, I'm glad of it."

"The day's over too," said Claudius, glancing at the clock. "Personally, I'm not sleepy. But it seems to me that I must be keeping you either from your

work or your sleep."

"From neither, I assure you. The day was made for working, and the night was made for talking, whenever one wants to talk. If you care to discuss the details, by all means let us do it."

"Well, doctor," said Claudius, "there is very little to say. I shall spend the eight days in London, probably. When

would you like them to begin?"

"Now," said the doctor, laughing. "Of course I don't mean that. Let me see, to-morrow's—no, to-day's Friday. That's the worst of sitting up past midnight; to-morrow becomes to-day, which is damnably confusing. I really don't see

why you shouldn't leave me at midnight on Friday, returning, consequently, at midnight on Saturday—eight days afterwards. Then you begin your new career with a new week. One's always despicably hungry to secure these dirty little coincidences."

Both men laughed. "I should like, of course," Claudius said, "to see my friends again in London in these eight days—the two or three friends that I have there. True, I didn't see them when I might have done so; I felt too poor to see anybody, which—now I come to think of it—was vulgar of me. But, still, friends are friends. Besides, how can I say farewell unless I have someone to say it to. And my father decides that I have already said it as far as he is concerned."

"By all means see your friends," the doctor replied, cheerfully. "Have as good a time as you possibly can. Remember that for eight days you are absolutely free. In the morning Francis shall go into London for us. He will take the necessary letter to my banker for me, and he will do anything for you that you want—secure you the best rooms in the best hotel, take letters to your friends and bring back their answers,

order your box at the opera, carry out any commission you like."

"Thanks, very much. A thousand pounds a day! It is tremendous. What couldn't one do with it?"

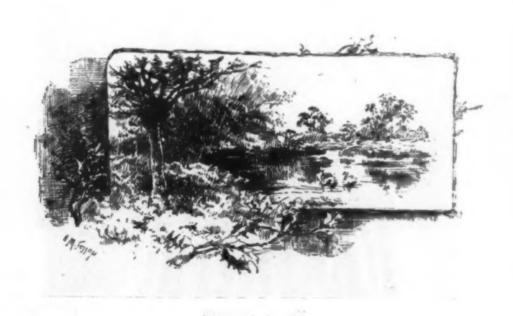
"Let us hope that you won't find out the answer to that question, Sandell," the doctor went on. "We are neither of us drinking anything. The formal, necessary, unpretentious whisky-and-seltzer is here, but it doesn't seem to me to be suited to the occasion. I may be old, but I am young enough to want to drink champagne now. The servants are all in bed, but no matter. Where are my keys? Ah, here! It's a wise man that knows his own cellar. Don't you trouble to come, I'll find what I want."

He was back in a minute or two with the bottle in his hand. "The last," he said, "the very last of a wine that I have reverenced." With deft fingers he began to uncork it. Both men had for some unexplained midnight reason got into the highest spirits, and they jested like boys over the operation. The doctor filled two tumblers, handed one to Claudius, and raised his own.

"Success to your eight do

"Success to your eight days!" he cried.

"Success to the octave!"



On Parisian Models.

WRITTEN BY CLIVE HOLLAND. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.

TOWHERE are more beautiful in Paris. The English painter may be Parisian Ecoles des Beaux-Arts and the satisfied with perfection of form, but the

All nations contribute a quota of artists' models to be found than lovely womanhood and girlhood to the private studios of her almost innumer-



MDLLE. VIOLETTE

Parisian artist wishes also to obtain in his model beauty of face, and this beauty has, as a rule, little attraction for him unless it be allied to expression and vivacity.

able artists. Does one desire to paint an Egyptian subject? One has but to secure the services of Mlle. Azyade N., a pretty Nubian girl of singularly pure type. Handsome Jewesses, Negresses,

found should their services be required. Italians, French, Spanish and English models there are by the score, and a visit to one of their haunts will generally supply the type needed by the searcher. remarkable purity of the type, which temper of her employer.

Creoles, and even Japanese are to be because she can get no other sort of employment which suits her so well, but even where it has become her profession she pursues it by fits and starts very frequently, and arrives an hour late, possibly, profuse in her excuses, but The Italian is still popular with the apparently unaware of the irritating Academic school on account of the effect her irregularity has had upon the



MDLLE. ELISE B-

most nearly approaches that immortalised by the Greeks. She is rather of the massive than the svelte in outline, and is slow to lend herself to new or unusual poses or ideas. But she has her redeeming points in her insusceptibility to fatigue and her rigid punctuality. With the Frenchwoman it is quite different. Often she takes to posing

The Italian model, doubtless, owes much to her training. She is, probably, the child of generations of models, and, indeed, you may find in the Saint Victor Quarter, near the Boulevard St. Germain, numerous families all follow the pro-The mother, frequently still fession. beautiful, sits to M. So-and-So for costume studies and drapery, the elder girls to other artists for the figure, the father for "old men" or, maybe, Biblical subjects, the elder sons for battle pieces or genre, and the younger children of both sexes for angels, cherubs, Cupids or Psyches. The girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty-five are, of course, the flower of the flock, and are seldom wanting, if they add facial beauty to perfection of form, an engagement with some well-known artist, or a young one who, just free of the schools, has determined to gain the bronze medal at the least with his first Salon picture.

In addition to these there is a class of "occasional models," who pose for a livelihood or from caprice between more serious engagements. Of the latter class

Elizabeth or Phryne, danseuses for "Dans la Coulisse" or nuns for a convent scene, an Elijah or a Joseph, a beggar or un p'tit Caporal. In his register one can read of such a model as Ginette W-, "aux yeux brunes, figure maternelle; triste mine," with a note that she is at present engaged three days a week to M. Brunet for his picture of "Madonna and Child." Concerning such a model as Mdlle. , old Paul has entered: "Figure superbe, buste fin; aux yeux gris," with detailed height and other measurements, her special line being Turkish figure studies and nymphs of the substantial school. The fact of her having posed for M. Simon M--'s "Leda" is noted in the margin. Mdlle. Violette is a pretty



SALLY BROWNE

was probably Gervex's model for his notorious picture of ten years ago, "La Femme au Masque," a nude study popularly supposed to be the portrait of a well-known leader of society. is more especially these "occasional models" and novices desiring employment who have no connection with artists that would serve to ensure them engagements, who find the services of old Paul and his Registry useful. Against the names of many on his books is inscribed the word "novice," which not infrequently implies that one obtains a good model at a low price per hour or day, though with some trouble at first over the posing. Old Paul has a cosmopolitan taste, and can usually supply one with models suitable for the Madonna or Venus, St.



MDLLE. B-

girl whose speciality is peasant-girl studies or those of an ingenue in "society" or genre pictures. She does not, however, object to posing as Psyche or for a Wood Nymph, for which her figure, "slight though excellent," as old Paul's note says, seems adapted. Mdlle. Elise B—, old Paul would assure his clients, makes a charming Venus or "Baigneuse," and possesses, in addition to very pretty hair and a lovely face, "the finest figure in all Paris"—which may, after all, be but his way of asserting excellence.

A famous model is often an exceedingly well-known personage, whose doings, sayings, and escapades are noted in the papers, talked of in the cafés, and discussed in the drawing-rooms of the

Parc Monceau and Champs Elysées quarters. The pranks of the famous Sally Browne are still more than a memory, and her walk through several streets clad in the somewhat insufficient into the lives of many models. garb of a waterproof cloak and a pair of studio slippers, for a wager, is fresh

left to amuse the Quarter with her audacities and furnish flaneurs with copy for their journals.

But romance enters not inconsiderably pretty, elegantly-dressed wife of a wealthy jeweller whose shop is the happy hunting-



A FAVOURITE TYPE WITH GERVEX

Ouartier Latin. Her companion at the of "record" stones, now rolls along in famous Bal des Quatre Arts, Mdlle. Suzanne, whose appearance on one occasion in a want of attire closely approaching "the altogether" sufficiently overstepped the lax proprieties obtaining on such festive occasions to necessitate her appearance before the authorities, is still

the Bois de Boulogne in a smart victoria and pair. She was once a sitter to a struggling artist, who painted her as a "pretty, if somewhat impudent-looking Baigneuse." The picture, hung in the old Salon, attracted Monsieur's notice, and led through an introduction to the painter to a meeting with the model and ultimately to her marriage. Another romance connected with a pretty if not exactly well-known or famous model was her discovery by her father (a cavalry officer of distinction), by means of a picture for which she had sat being exhibited in a picture dealer's window. Too late to repair the injury to her mother (who had died five years before) he legitimised her, and now she is to be

privileged to see the painting in progress asserted that it was a magnificent specimen of the painter's art most realistically carried out. The artist fell in love with his model, married her, and the picture for which all Paris pined is still in his studio with the central figure, Phryne, painted out.

Marriages of artists with their models are not, of course, of very frequent occurrence, although such alliances are



NOT A NOVICE

met with and admired at most gatherings that Parisiennes in good society

It may not be generally known that the reason for a famous painter's failure a decade or so ago to exhibit his picture, to which all artistic Paris had been looking forward, was in reality a far more romantic one than that of illness as stated. The subject was Phryne and her Judges, though that was not its proposed title. The few critics who had been



A FAVOURITE AT JULIAN'S

less infrequent at all events in Paris than is popularly supposed. More than half-a-dozen well-known artists resident in Paris have model wives in the sense that they have married their models. And after all who should possess the qualities which ought to go to the formation of a good artist's wife in a greater degree than a model, accustomed as she is to both the somewhat uncertain temperament of the artist and the vicissitudes of art?



One of the Nameless.

WRITTEN BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG.



PARTY of English travellers and hunters was camped under the spread of an olive-tree on a slope of the Great Atlas mountains a long way to the east of the city of Morocco. The evening meal was finished, and the party drowsily lay and smoked, while their feet were turned towards the agreeable warmth of the campfire. Through the clear,

crisp air the stars hung like glowing lamps, the night-wind wandered down from the mountains, and whispered to the olive-trees; below in the valley the jackal howled, and the hyena uttered his creepy, mirthless laugh, and the men round the fire lazily discussed deep

matters of life and death.

"But Allah—blessed be His name! judgeth not as men judge," an old man, the Berber chief guide of the party, was saying. "He judgeth righteous judgment; and in the book of gold in which his angel records the doings of the Blest, the nameless ones, I verily believe, fill up more pages than the great and famous."

"Tell your story, Abou," said a younger Berber, "of the Nameless One

of Sidi Rehal."

"Ah, do, Abou Metassem," said one of the Englishmen. "A story is better

than argument, O aged one."

At once and abruptly the About thus began:—"In the name of Allah most merciful! Know then, O sons of the English, that some eighty years ago, when Mulai Soleeman was shaded by the imperial umbrella of Marakesh, there was a great Basha named Hamed ben Ibrahim ben Mohammed. He was a Moor, sidis, and he was filled with insolence and spite against us Berbers of the hill-country, because our people had dwelt here for long ages before the Moors were so much as heard of. He was a man of war, and therefore it appeared to him a good thing and a profitable, and a thing likely to win him the high regard of his imperial master, to subdue the Berber tribes of the mountains, and make them slaves of the Moors. So he got him together a great army to sweep the valleys of the mountains bare as with a besom, and in his progress he came first against Sidi Rehal. Ye know, sidis, how the town of Sidi Rehal sits, like an eagle in her rocky nest looking out towards the setting sun over the plain of Marakesh. Sidi Rehal is now a poor place, but then it was a great town and a prosperous, filled to overflowing with the bounties of Allah, ever blessed be his name!

"So, by the permission of Allah, Everblest, it came to pass that the Basha, Hamed ben Ibrahim, came with a great army suddenly and encamped against Sidi Rehal, because it stands sentinel at the gates of our mountain-land, and he must needs take it before he could pass on to eat up the Berbers and sweep their valleys bare. It was the time of harvest when he came, when the people shouldhave been out toiling to cut their crops and gather their fruits. But the people preferred to lose their crops and fruits and to starve rather than to surrender their independence, which their fathers had handed down to them, and to become the slaves of the Moors; so they ran into the town and shut the gates, and prepared to defy and withstand the great Basha.

"'We may not be numerous enough nor strong enough,' said they, 'to defeat the Basha and his army of locusts, but we can delay him and gain time till our over-lord and protector, the Prince of Teluet, can hear of our strait and march to our relief and the discomfiture of the Moors.

"A fleet-footed messenger, therefore, left the town after the hour of evening prayer the first night, to convey the tidings to Teluet; and all night the wakeful townsmen went about with the sound of drums to man and watch the walls. Next day the Basha tried to take the place by assault; but he was beaten off, and because the town was strong and so perched and settled on the rock that it was difficult to carry it by force, the Basha took counsel, and sat down to reduce it by famine and thirst.

"He and his horde of locusts made a circuit about all the town, and gathered and ate the corn from the fields, the

the wicked! Twice have I seen it in all the years of my life, and I know. Men and women go about the streets with their eyes rolling to this side and to that, and their mouths baked black with dryness, while in vain do they seek to moisten their cracked lips with their dry, swollen tongues. Babes hang at their mothers' breasts and wail and cry because there is no milk for them; and the animals within the city—yea! even the outcast dogs that fight for the refuse offal of the streets—are slain one by one to keep alive the men and women, till



"THE CRIME IS MINE""

melons from the gardens, and the fruits from the orchards. Ah, wallahy! But men when they go to war become greedy and wasteful as the beasts of the field, and cruel as the brutes of the forest! And they went about and climbed up behind the town, and turned aside with a dam the stream that fed Sidi Rehal with water, to the end that its people might be consumed with thirst.

"And it was so that after many days the people of Sidi Rehal had eaten all their bread and drunk the wells within the city almost dry. Ah, wallahy! sidis, but to be besieged in a town is like a foretaste of what Gehennam must be for men and women, both in despair and disgust of themselves because they have eaten and drunk things accursed and abominable, rush into heedless folly and madness.

"Now even thus did they of Sidi Rehal: they, especially the young men of wealth, rushed into madness and folly. Now mark me, sidis. In Sidi Rehal was a young woman—one of the Nameless. She was a widow, and poor, and she had a son whose wits were afflicted of Allah. She was of a goodly appearance and very beautiful, as all men might see, for, as you know, sidis, our Berber women go not veiled as do the

women of the Moors. And because she was beautiful, and witty withal, therefore did young men resort unto her: and because she was very poor and knew not wherewith to get bread for her afflicted son and herself, therefore did she accept of the gifts of the young men who came unto her.

"And it was so that in those days of folly and madness the son of the headman of Sidi Rehal visited the beautiful widow, and one went and told the young man's father, saying, 'Lo, has not thy son been in the house of the nameless widow, and taken to her gifts—yea, even now when the town lies all afflicted with the horrors of hunger and thirst!'

"And the headman was wroth and stamped his foot, and said, 'Bring the accursed, nameless woman before me!'

"And he swore by the beard of his father that he would teach her to make his name a by-word in a time of public adversity, and to lead his son astray; for it is the way of parents, sidis—lo! I have seen and noted it all the days of my life!—to say the woman tempted, and not the man.

"So the woman was brought before him, followed afar off by her son, the witless one, in terror, but without understanding. And the headman, when the woman entered his presence, scowled on her and roared at her like a bull of the plains.

"'What is this I hear of thee, thou shameless one, thou disgrace to mothers and to daughters? Is it not true that thou hast tempted my son once and again into the vile trap of thy house?' And many other bitter and biting things did he shout at her.

"And the poor woman prostrated herself before him, and said, 'It is, indeed, true, O my lord, that the young man, your son, came to me, and I received him with welcome, because he was kind to me when all the world beside was cold and cruel. He gave me wherewithal to get food for myself and my son, when else we should have died, my son and I.'

"'Who is your son?' cried the head-

"'This witless one,' answered his servant, pushing the young man forward.

"'O, he!' said the headman; and contempt of the witless one was in all his tone.

"Then spake the poor woman and said, 'O, my lord, he is afflicted of

Allah! And has not Allah himself put a stronger love in my heart for him because he is afflicted, than if he had all his wits and could work for his mother! Has not Allah wisely decreed that I should love my son more even than you love yours, O, my lord?'

"'Peace!' cried he. 'Thou art not only shameless but a raider, O, woman! But I shall spoil the beauty wherewith thou ensnarest the young man, my son, and others, so that all men when they see thee shall turn from thee with loathing!' And he bade get ready the pincers and the hot irons to disfigure her beauty.

"As for the poor woman she fell to the ground, and did nought but call upon 'Allah, most merciful and gracious, the father of the fatherless, the protector of the widow!' Upon that, the young man, the headman's son, hearing what was toward, broke in upon the company.

"'If there be crime in this, O, my father,' he cried, 'the crime is mine, not hers; for I went to her: she did not come to me! Let me be punished, and let her go free!'

"But his father commanded him to 'Begone!' The young man, however, withstood his father's order and persisted, 'I am the criminal, O, my father, if there be criminal! And if this woman be punished on my account, then shall I go straightway and join the Moors! I swear it, by Allah!'

"Thereupon his father, looking on him, considered and relented. He turned to the woman and with a stern voice addressed her:

"'Thou hearest the intercession of the young man, my son. This time thy punishment shall be light, but if thou ensnarest him—or another—again, thou shalt pay first with thy right hand!' Then turning to his servants he commanded 'the stick!' and the young man went out so that he might not see the punishment given.

"So the woman, in the presence of her witless son, received the punishment of the stick."

"And it came to pass that while she sat apart in the court, rocking herself in the pain she endured, while her son stood by in wonder and amazement, the headman began to take counsel with his servants and the elders of the town who

^{*} The Bastinado, on the soles of the feet.

came to him. Every man looked at his neighbour in sadness, and asked: 'What is to be done?' The town was in the most desperate plight; many of the people were dead, and more were dying, and no rescue was at hand.

"'These many days have we held the town,' said one, 'and yet the Prince of Teluet cometh not to our aid! We have done our utmost: let us accept the tender mercies of the Moors rather than die, all of us, of horrible thirst and hunger!

"So spake they all to the headman;

"They all looked upon each other and made no answer, although some were young enough and fit enough of body to run all the way to Teluet, and those who were not had sons who were; but all held back and were silent-till one, lifting up his eyes, saw the witless son of the poor woman.

"'Lo,' said he, 'the very man to be messenger to the Prince! He is fleet of foot and sound of wind-all men

> know it — as the aoudad of the mountains, and



and he considered and said: 'It may be that our messenger did not reach the Prince: he may have been caught and killed by the enemy, or devoured among the mountains by wild beasts. Let us send once again a swift messenger to the Prince, saying we must yield us to the Moors unless we are relieved in the space of eight days.'

"To that they all agreed.

" And who shall be our messenger?" demanded the headman.

he hath wit enough to run whither he

" Now the poor woman had overheard all that passed. She rose painfully to her feet and spoke in anger.

"'Will ye send out a poor lad who is afflicted of Allah on an errand of danger on which ye fear to go yourselves or to

send your sons?'

"And they were ashamed before the woman; but he who had advised that he should be sent spake and said: 'True, he is one of Allah's own; therefore will he pass unharmed through perils that would destroy another man.'

"And they all cheerfully said: 'It is

true: let him be sent.'

* All weak-witted and lunatic people are believed in Morocco to be under the special protection of God. "But the poor woman flung herself at

the feet of the headman.

"In the name of Allah, hear me!' she cried. 'Thou hast beaten me, O my Lord, because I have striven as I could to keep my son alive and strong, and now of what thou hast reckoned my wickedness thou wouldst make use for your own safety and the preservation of the town! Is not that to call evil good? Is not my son disgraced in me? and will it not disgrace the noble and virtuous young men of the town to choose my poor son for a mission so distinguished and valiant?'

"Thus she reasoned, not because she thought little of her son, but because she conceived she might shame them into sending another. But they were not

to be thus easily shamed.

"'Peace, woman!' said the headman.
'Thou oughtest rather to rejoice that thy son may be the deliverer of his native town, and of all the precious souls in it!'

"Then, in her despair, when she knew not how to turn this way or that, Allah—ever blessed be his name!—breathed

an inspiration into her mind.

"'Let my lord hear me,' she said, standing upright upon her feet. 'If I, even I, by the help of Allah, deliver the Moors into thy hand by dawn of tomorrow's morning, there will be no need to send my son on this errand?'

"But they all laughed her to scorn, saying, 'And how canst thou deliver unto us for defeat the whole host of the

Moors?

"But she answered and said, 'May not a mouse gnaw the meshes of the net in which the lion is caught, or may not a poor woman, by the favour of Allah, work the deliverance of this town? Allah worketh ever great ends by small means.'

"Now the headman had heard she was a woman wise and witty in craft as well as beautiful of countenance, and he considered and said, 'Go to, let us hear

thy plan.'

"And she said, 'This day, an hour before the sun goes down, when the sunshine beats upon the westward gate, let me be driven forth of the town, mounted on ah ass, with blows and jeers in the sight of all the Moorish army who can see. I will descend to them and do my part, with the help of Allah, and do ye with your fighting men go out and hide your-selves in such and such a defile by mid-

night when the moon is up. And it shall be that a company of the enemy will pass that way as if to take the town by surprise; then do ye set upon them unexpectedly and drive them back, and follow them on, and fall upon the whole encampment.'

"They took counsel and thought what she said was good and wise, and they said so it should be. And they sent her home tenderly on a mule with her son

walking by her side.

"And it was so that when she reached her house and was set down with her son, she thought of what she planned; and she wept full sore, because she knew that she would probably die in her adventure, and she was still young and well-favoured. And she flung herself upon the neck of her son and cried out

in her agony:

"'Ah, wallahy!' quoth she, 'thou art my son and a full-grown man, and yet thou knowest not, my son, what thy mother hast suffered and will suffer for thee! Would thou couldst know how I have loved thee! Would that some word of understanding could enter, even if it were painfully, through thine ear into thy mind, that thou mightst know and remember all that thy mother was to thee before she disappeared from thy side into the night never to return—never again!'

"And she thought of her son and all she had endured for him, and all she feared for him; and thence, as with the swoop of a pigeon from one roof to another, her mind passed to think of other women and all they must endure for the children they bare; and then, as is the way with women, she hugged her son close and thanked God that he was beautiful and strong and swift, though his wits were in Allah's keeping, and that she was able, no matter by what sacrifice, to keep him out of danger.

"'If he were dead,' she mused with herself, 'I should die. And, since that errand would kill him, and thereafter me, he must not go, for that would kill us both. It is better that only one should die, and that one me—me, who lead a poor desolate life, without a man to take my part, to lead me by the hand, to make me strong with his strength, to pretect me! I shall die—O! I shall die without doubt; but my son, by the blessing and favour of Allah, may remember something of what his mother



"BESTRIDDEN AND DEFENDED BY HER WITLESS SON"

did for him. O, surely Allah—most merciful and gracious, the father of the fatherless, the protector of the widow, will not forget me in this my hour of

deepest grief. Ah, wallahy!'

"And as she mused on her condition and on her purpose—in which she did not swerve—she sent to the young man, the headman's son, that she might say a word to him. When he came she asked this of him—telling him what she planned—that, if she did not return from her errand for the deliverance of the city, he would take and evermore guard and feed her witless son till the end. And he gave his promise with tears and protestations. When he was gone she tired herself in all her finery, and smoothed her hair, and put on her jewels and her seductive clothing, and so she was ready.

" And so it came to pass that she was thrust out of Sidi Rehal over against the Moorish Army as the sun went down. But an unlooked-for thing happened, for her son refused to be parted from her, and therefore, being thus where they were, she and he went on together. And when they came to the Moorish Army all did look upon her exceeding beauty, which was fairer than that of their own women, and they did say, 'This woman is fit to appear before the Sultan himself." And they took her and brought her before the great Basha, because she so demanded, and because she said she had a secret to impart unto him. And the Basha, when he saw her beauty and the manner of her tiring of herself, had no more strength in him. He listened to her story, and she prevailed on him by her eloquence.

"'They have driven me forth,' she said with tears, 'after having beaten me—look at the soles of my feet—because I declared it would be better to trust to the mercy and love of our dear brethren the Moors than to die, as the people die, of hunger and thirst—and lo, this poor witless man is all that has

kept by me.'

"And the Basha smiled on her, and said he would prove a dear brother to her, and she said she would point out a secret path by which a select troop might gain and take the town; and he said she must sit at meat with him, and she said she would, but only if he would promise to pledge her in the wine cup.

"And she went in and sat at meat with him, and the heart of him swelled to bursting with admiration of her beauty and her witty talk. So that, having arranged with his captains that an attack should be made on the town by the way she had pointed out ('Let them go,' said she, 'in order that they may reach the town just after midnight, when the guards are at their sleepiest'), he sent them all forth, and was left Then she made him sit alone with her. down, and she flattered him and made him talk, and made pretty and witty speeches to him, and asked him to drink, and he drank-foolish man!-of the juice of the grape till he knew not which way his head turned.

"And so it came to pass that, about midnight, she being alone in his tent with him, his slaves and servants being all at a distance from him, and he sleeping heavily with the wine he had drunk, she arose, pale as an angel of Allah, and took his dagger that lay by his pillow.

"And she cried inwardly to Allah, with trembling, and said, 'Put strength into the hand of a weak, foolish woman, that she may cut off the life of this insolent and abominable Moor, and that she may save alive her dear son, afflicted of Allah, and all the people and the

poor beasts of Sidi Rehal!

" And she took the dagger, and marked well the spot to aim at in his fat neck, and then, with all her strength, she drove the dagger into his throat—and left it there. And just then the mueddin of the camp called the hour of midnight prayer. She hesitated, filled with fainting and trembling, and then she rushed out and called: 'Treason, treason! Murder and treachery in the camp! Treason, treason!' And when the captains and the soldiers heard it they roused them and ran together, and made an uproar in the camp. And lo, while they did so, a noise and babblement, as of a stream swelled by winter rains, or as of a city in revolt, came to them from toward the town. The noise grew. They ran this way and that. entered the tent of the Basha to rouse him-and found him dead! 'Treason! Treason!' they cried, and fled.

. . . .

There was riding and fighting now, and in the forefront of it all was the son of the headman of Sidi Rehal. He

fought and hacked his way till he had reached the pavilion of the great Basha. There a sight met his eye which made him pause an instant with astonishment, and then nerved his arm with ten-fold vigour. The woman—one of the nameless—lay wounded and bleeding on the ground,

and lo, she was bestridden and defended by her witless son. That was the last day of his witlessness. The Moors were driven away, Sidi Rehal was saved, and —with the shock of it all—the son of the nameless one became sane, shouting 'Victory!'"



A WINTRY ROAD
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY M. WADE

Society and Its Sorceries.

WRITTEN BY MARY HOWARTH.

OCIETY seeks to amuse and instruct itself in a variety of ways through the agencies of the occult sciences. Russian ladies are prone to consult the cards in order to discover whether this or that venture will prosper. In the

East it is the crystal ball in the hands of the clairvoyant that is the favourite means of peeping into the future; astrology and palmistry have hundreds of votaries; wise women still have a vogue in many countries, even if their skill only allows them the teacup as a trial of fortune, while spiritualism is to a number of people the interest of their lives. All these descendants of the occult sciences, with astrology and palmistry, have come down in an unbroken line from the dimmest past; for wherever there are human beings there will be found exponents and practisers of these arts. Men as well as women; indeed, if the truth were known, quite as greatly as women; are interested seekers after the pith of these subjects, or believers in the powers of those that work them.

In England we are less devoted to pryings into the future than to the amusement to be got out of learning our own and other people's characters. For one who will seek the utterances of the sybil respecting the future, there are a hundred who will send their photographs or handwritings to have their characters told from them by clever Miss Rosa Baughan, or her pupil Mercury, in the Lady's Pictorial. It struck me that it would be interesting to learn Miss Baughan's views on Graphology, and knowing that lady to be highly versed also in the science of Palmistry as a study, I asked for and was, with the greatest kindness, permitted an interview. Miss Baughan is a lady whose time is extremely valuable. I found her in her daintily pretty study surrounded by piles of correspondence.

" The studies of Palmistry and Graphology are both very old," said Miss Baughan. "Palmistry was practised by the ancients, and is clearly allied with the science of astrology; indeed, it is only when astrology is thoroughly well known, and can be connected with the practice of palmistry, that the reading of the hands can be interpreted to any value." Miss Baughan has made palmistry the study of her life, and also, as I shall show, graphology, and is the writer of several very interesting books on both subjects. Graphology, the science whereby character is read by the handwriting, Miss Baughan studied for her own amusement years ago, searching authorities both foreign and English for enlightenment upon the subject of which she is the doven of the present day. As this eminently clear-sighted lady puts it, it stands to reason that the bent of our temperament controls and directs our manner of writing, and that those who have made a close observance of the caligraphy of different persons, deducing conclusions from various combinations, can perceive the character of any person as demonstrated by his or her writing.

"Graphology," declared Miss Baughan, "was the favourite amusement of the Court of Henri IV. of France. It became my own interest when I was a girl, and it was owing to the persuasions of Mr. Kinglake, the famous historian, whose caligraphy I diagnosed to his intense surprise, that I took the matter up professionally."

fessionally."

Miss Baughan is a veritable mine of interesting information. She demonstrates from different handwritings different conclusions, weighing here a trait and there another, and with wonderful accuracy arriving at the true character of her subject. The writing, for example, which habitually ascends, betrays an ambitious disposition, and which droops despondency. The great Buonaparte's signature took the upward turn, that of the ill-fated Marie Antoinette the downward. Earlier signatures of this great

lady showed ambition, but sorrow crushed her, and the scaffold looming ahead, turned her writing into the evidence of

pathos here shown.

It is not extraordinary to learn that people who are fond of admiration, and crave it, decorate their signatures with a tremendously pretentious flourish, and that those whose characters are of the highest and best kind leave theirs unadorned. Many actresses flourish their names. It is natural that they should seek approval and admiration. Miss Baughan's book, Character Indicated by



PROFESSOR ANNIE I. OPPENHEIM, P.P.A. From a photograph by R. W. Vieler, Eastbourne

Handwriting, will be found to repay study. She is one of many people who have a real dislike to being photographed, so I asked for her likeness in vain.

I next proceeded to Professor Annie I. Oppenheim, P.P.A., whom I found in her beautiful house in Redcliffe Square, South Kensington. She, as many are aware, is a clever delineator of the character and proclivities of people from their physiognomy.

"How came you to invent your present occupation?" I asked the young lady.

"I studied medicine," was the answer; "but my father's dislike to my embracing the profession, owing to my lack of very robust health, caused me to abandon the idea of practising, and being very much interested in physiognomy, I determined to make that subject my special metier."

Knowing that Miss Oppenheim was a

feature of the German Exhibition at Earl's Court, and of the one that preceded it, I asked how many subjects were scrutinised by her during those periods, and received the astonishing answer that no fewer than nine thousand persons were examined one season, and seven thousand the other. This confirms my idea that for one person curious enough to desire to try and peer into the future, a hundred will content themselves with ascertaining facts.

"Last year I practised at Eastbourne," said Miss Oppenheim, "in the Swiss Châlet, Devonshire Park, and since then have been engaged at Niagara, the fashionable real ice-rink near St. James's

Park Station."

I asked Miss Oppenheim whether she ever had amusing experiences, and was told that she had. For example, at the German Exhibition, where she read characters on a platform in front of a crowd of people, a lady presented herself, and among other characteristics displayed a marked talent for eloquent This aptitude Miss Oppenspeaking. heim declared. Afterwards the husband of the lady, a clergyman, upon whose countenance the signs of eloquence was also marked, congratulated the physiognomist upon her delineation, and said it was all very true with one single "And that?" asked Miss exception. Oppenheim. "That my wife is an eloquent speaker," the clergyman answered. "Do you ever give her a chance?" asked Miss Oppenheim, promptly, to the great amusement not only of the husband merely, but of all the listeners in front of the platform.

Miss Oppenheim is the author of a book called Phreno-Physiognomy; Scientific Character Reading from the Face, copies of which she was permitted to send to Her Majesty the Queen, to the Prince of Wales, the Duchess of York, and other celebrities. Letters from Sir Henry Ponsonby addressed to Miss Oppenheim on the Queen's behalf fully bear out the character for excessive kindness and courtesy the Queen's late secretary bore. They are among Miss Oppenheim's most precious possessions, and she has books full of their like from distinguished persons whose characters she has delineated after her method. One of Miss Oppenheim's latest subjects was the youngest child of Mrs. Barnie Barnato,

then only five weeks old.

"Could you read anything in a face so juvenile?" I asked, in some amazement.

"Indeed I could," laughed Miss Oppenheim; "and, what is more, my conclusions were fully borne out by the observations of the child's nurse. She agreed entirely with what I said, and declared my 'character' was perfectly wonderful."

On this occasion Miss Oppenheim diagnosed not only the little stranger, but the other two children of Mr. and Mrs. Barnato, and the parents themselves, and much enjoyed the survey she made afterwards under Mr. Barnato's escort, of Spencer House, the mansion the multi-millionaire rents from Lord Spencer, a treasure-palace of historical paintings and other delights. To Lady Glenesk, then Lady Algernon Borthwick, who is an interested student of the subicct, Miss Oppenheim dedicated her work on Phreno-Physiognomy. During the summer that she spent at Eastbourne the young Duke of Manchester was one of her most interested clients, and brought many of his friends to try Miss Oppenheim's skill. The photograph of this clever little lady is the latest taken, and was done by R. W. Vieler, at Eastbourne, during her stay there. Her spare time she devotes to the preparation of animals' and birds' skulls. She has one of a monkey, another of a favourite cat, a third of a snipe, one of a rook, and even the tiny cranium of a mouse.

Physiognomy naturally suggests Phrenology; indeed though the two are practised separately by London's very notable delineators of character after these methods—Professor Annie Oppenheim and Professor Cross-they are indissolubly connected. Desirous of discovering Professor Cross's method, I journeyed to Victoria Street, Westminster, and found the phrenologist in a delightful little office, where in an inner room he receives those who wish to learn their character and capabilities, as denoted by the formation of their heads. I must confess that the pleasant every-day comfort of this apartment reassured me. The only other time I interviewed a phrenologist I was received in an apartment grinning with skulls, and had my head felt by an unseen person, whose hands protruded through an opening in the partition-wall that separated patient from operator. I hurt Professor Cross's susceptibilities very much the moment I entered his room by mentioning the word "bumps." It appears that it is not by feeling excrescences which might be termed bumps that the phrenologist deduces facts, but by applying the fingertips, which must be very sensitive, to the skull, in order that its formation may be discovered. Professor Cross passes his fingers with the utmost lightness over one's cranium, and utters what he reads there as he does so. He is equally well able to examine blindfold, or in a dark room; and indeed has, when called upon, exercised his skill under such conditions. Parents bring children to him in order



PROFESSOR CROSS
From a photograph by W. and D. Downey

that he may give his opinion as to their talents, and the particular bent that should be encouraged in view of the future calling of the subject, and doctors patients, for it is in the discovery of latent or threatened diseases that Professor Cross is able to help them. By making discoveries such as these, threatened weaknesses may be strengthened and qualities restrained that may develope into harm. The biggest head Professor Cross ever examined was that of Chang the Chinese giant, a man whose intellect was large, and temperament very gentle and kind. Many great and clever men and women have been beneath his susceptible fingers at his own office, or at At Homes and private interviews. A certain great General submitted himself to be examined, and was told, to the amusement of his friends, that he ought

to be, or to have been, a general; and an eminent physician, also unrecognised by the phrenologist, was by him told that he was threatened by the disease to which he afterwards died a victim. Mr. Rider Haggard, I learn, has more than once been examined by Professor Cross. A favourite plan with many people is to present themselves in disguises, in order to try and mask their identity. Sometimes one person will come again and again, endeavouring to shake the testimony of the phrenologist by tricky changes. I heard of an amusing case of a young lover who had submitted the photograph of his beloved to the Professor, and, dissatisfied with the delineation, afterwards pestered the phrenologist to change his opinion. Stories like this abound.

It is interesting to learn that while a big head or a protruding expanse of forehead may appear intellectual, they are by no means always signs of great brain power, indeed they may point to quite the opposite state. Also it is curious to know that the more we exercise certain faculties the thinner that part of the skull becomes. Professor Cross has examined many skulls of long dead persons, and has from their appearance deduced their characteristics, and what manner of men they were. One of his methods in so doing is to place a light inside the skull, and then to note its thicknesses and thin-The photograph of the Professor here shown is reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. W. and D. Downey.





KNEES on the ground as you drink to the King; Weapons unsheathed, there are hawks on the wing, Hawks of bold mettle, with jesses of blue; God for the King and his cavaliers true! Drink this last rouse to our loving liege lord, Spur upon heel, lads, and hand upon sword. Shiver your glasses and let the shout ring: "Down with old Noll and hurrah for the King!"

Tony and Gerard and Robin and Ned, Kiss and farewell, for there's peril ahead; Come, ladies Lucy and Alice and Nell, Never was easier word than farewell. Smile for your gallants and loosen your hold, And for loose tresses of chestnut and gold, Scarves of your colours shall faithfully cling Above hearts that love you next best to the King.

Kiss and away: ye'll have time for your tears,
Dames, when you listen through sorrowful years,
Maybe in vain, for our steps on the floors,
Seeing Death's hands clasp more closely than yours.
Bring out the horses, black, sorrel and bay;
One stirrup-cup ere we mount and away.
Come, give a rouse till the old rafters ring,
Back the bold burden: "Hurrah for the King!"

NORA HOPPER.



Doctor Dunston's Howler.

WRITTEN BY EDEN PHILLPOTTS. ILLUSTRATED BY ENOCH WARD.

IND you, if it's interesting to watch any ordinary person come a howler, what must it be to see your own head-master do it? A "howler," of course, is the same as a "cropper," and you can come one at cricket or football or in class or in everyday life. Dr. Dunston's howler was a most complicated sort, and I had the luck to be one of the chaps who witnessed him come it. Of course, to see any master make a tremendous mistake is good, but when you are dealing with a man almost totally bald and sixty-two years of age, the affair has a solemn side, especially owing to his being a Rev. and a D.D. In fact, Slade, who was with me, said the spectacle reminded him of the depths of woe beggars got into in Greek tragedies, which often wanted half-a-dozen gods to lug them out of. But no gods troubled themselves about Dunston; and it really was a bit awful looked at from his point of view; because it's beastly to give yourself away to kids at the best of times; and no doubt to him all of us are more or less as kids, even the Sixth.

He often had a way of bringing the parents of a possible new boy through one or two of the big class-rooms and the chapel of Merivale, just to show what a swagger place it was. Then we all bucked up like mad, and the masters bucked up too, and gave their gowns a hitch round and their mortar-boards a cock up, and made more noise and put on more side generally, just to add to the splendour of the scene from the point of view of the parents of the possible new

Sometimes the affair was rather spoilt by an aunt or mother or some woman or other asking the Doctor homely sort of questions about drains or prayers; then to see old Dunston making long-winded replies and getting the commonest things to sound majestic was fine. His manner varied according to the people who came over the school. Sometimes if it only happened to be a guardian or

a lawyer he was short and stern. he just swept along, calling attention to the ventilation and discipline, and looking at the chaps as if they were dried specimens in a museum; but with fathers or women he had a playful mood and an expression known as the "parent-smile." To mothers he never talked about "pupils," but called the whole shoot of us "his lads," and beamed and fluttered his gown, like a hen with chickens flutters its wings. The masters always copied him, and to see that little brute Brown trying to flutter over the kids like a hen when the Doctor came into his classroom, was a ghastly sight, knowing him as we did. Also the Doctor would often pat a youngster on the head and beam at him. He generally singled Corkey minimus out for patting and beaming; and Corkey minor said the irony of it was pretty thick, considering that Corkey minimus, for different reasons, got licked oftener by the Doctor than almost any chap in the Lower School.

Well, one day in came the Doctor to the school-room of the Fourth. I'm in the Sixth myself, and a personal chum of Slade's, the head of the school; but I happened to have gone to the Fourth with a message, so I saw what happened. A very big man who puffed out his chest like a pigeon followed the Doctor. He had a blue tie on with a jolly bright diamond in it, and there were small purple veins in a regular network over his cheeks, and his moustache was yellowish-grey and waxed out as sharp as pins. A lady followed him with red rims to her little eyes and gold things hanging about her chest. The Doctor being all arched up and rolled round from the small of the back, like a woodlouse, seemed to show they were parents of perhaps more fellows than one. The big chap wore an eyeglass, and spoke very loud, and was jolly pleasant.

"Ah!" he said, "and this is where the little boys work, eh? I expect, now, my youngster will be drafted in amongst these small men, Doctor Dunston."



"PAT A YOUNGSTER ON THE HEAD'

"It is very possible—nay, probable in the highest degree, my lord," said the Doctor. "We are now," he continued, "in the presence of the Fourth and Lower Fourth. The class-room is spacious, as you see, and new. A commanding panorama of the surrounding country and our playing-fields may be enjoyed from the French windows. If two of you lads will move that blackboard from there, Lord Golightly may be able to see something of the prospect."

Two of the kids promptly knocked down the blackboard nearly on to the purple-veined lord's head. Then suddenly the lady called out and attracted his attention. Looking round, we found she had got awfully excited, and stood pointing straight at young Tomlin. He was a mere kid, at the extreme bottom of the Lower Fourth; but he happened to be my fag, so I was interested. She pointed at him, in the most frantic way, with a hand in a browny-yellow glove, and a gold bracelet outside the glove and a little watch let into the bracelet.

"Good gracious!" she said, "do look, Ralph! What an astounding resemblance! Whoever is that boy?"

Tomlin turned rather red in the gills, which was natural.

"Do you know the lad?" asked the Doctor.

"Never saw him before in my life; but I hope he'll forgive me for being so rude as to point at him in that way," she said. "He's exactly like our dear Carlo; they might be twins."

Tomlin thought she meant a pet dog, and got frightfully rum to look at.

"Carlo is our son, you know," ex-

plained the lord.

"Singular coincidence," answered Doctor Dunston, not looking very keen about it. In fact, he wasn't too fond of Tomlin at any time, and seemed sorry he should be dragged in now. But the kid was a very tidy sort, really—Captain of the Third Eleven and a good runner. He happened to be the son of a big London hatter who had a shop of enormous dimensions in Bond Street; and the Doctor was said to get his own hats there. Yet he didn't like Tomlin.

Tomlin went out into the open, and the purple-veined lord shook hands with him, and the lord's wife stood him in the light and turned him round to catch different expressions, Then they admitted that the likeness was really most wonderful, and they both hoped Tomlin and Carlo would be great friends. Tomlin, told by the Doctor to answer, stood on one leg, twisted his arms in a curious way he's got when nervous, and said he hoped they might be; but he said it as though he knew jolly well they wouldn't.

Then the lord and the lady cleared out, and a week later Carlo came. His real name was Westonleigh, and he was a viscount or something, being eldest son of an earl, but we called him Carlo, and he got jolly waxy when he found his nickname had got to Merivale before him. He fancied himself to a most hideous extent for a kid of nine, and explained he'd only come for a year or so before going to Eton. He went into the Lower Fourth, so Tomlin ceased to be the bottom of that class.

The likeness between Carlo and my fag was really most peculiar. It must have been for Carlo's own mother to see it; but when Carlo heard that Tomlin would be a hatter in the course of years he refused to have anything to do with him; and Tomlin loathed Carlo; too, from the start, so instead of being chums according to the wish of the purpleveined lord, they hated one another, and the first licking of any importance which

Carlo got he had from Tomlin.

The chap was a failure all round, and it's no good saying he wasn't. Everybody saw it but Doctor Dunston, and he wouldn't. Carlo proved to be a sneak and a liar of the deepest sort—not to masters but to the chaps; and he was also iolly cruel to animals and very much liked to torture things that couldn't hit him back—such as mice and insects. He had a square face and snubby nose and a voice and eyes exactly similar to Tomlin's; but there was no likeness in their characters, Tomlin being a very decent kid, as I have said. Fellows Fellows barred Carlo all round, and he only had one real chum in the miserable shape of Fowle. Fow le sucked up to him and listened for hours about his ancestors, and buttered him at all times, hoping, of course, that some day he would get asked to Carlo's father's castle in the holidays. I may also note Carlo never played games, excepting tossing behind the gymnasium for half-pennies with Fowle and Steggles, Steggles always winning.

. Happening one day to go down through the playground to "footer,"

Tomlin saw Westonleigh near a little fir tree which grew at the top of the drill-ground. He was all alone and seemed to be doing something queer, so Tomlin stopped and went over.

"What are you up to?" he said.

"Frying ants," said Carlo, "though it's no business of yours. You see there's turpentine juice come out of this tree where I cut it yesterday, and you can stick the ants in it, then fry them to a cinder with a burning-glass, like this."

"That's what you're doing?"

" It is."

"Don't you think you're rather a little beast?"

"What d'you mean, hatter?"

"I mean I'm going to kick you for

being such a cruel beast."

They stood the same height to an inch and were the same age, so it was a perfectly sportsman-like thing for Tomlin to offer.

"You seem to forget who you're talk-

ing to," said Carlo.

"No, I don't—no chance of that. Your ancestors came over with William the Conqueror; carried his portmanteau, I expect, then cleared out when the fighting came on. Yes, and another ancestor stabbed a friend of Wat Tyler's, when he was face down on the ground, after somebody else had knocked him over. That's what you are, ant-fryer."

"I'll thank you to let me pass," said Carlo. "I'm not accustomed to talking to people like you, and if you think I'm going to fight with a future hatter, you're

wrong."

"Then you can put your tail between your legs, and swallow this," said Tomlin; and he went on and licked Carlo pretty well. He also broke his burning-

glass.

"You'll live to be sorry for this all your life!" yelled out Carlo, when Tomlin let him get up off some broken flower-pots on the drill-ground. "I'll never forget it; I'll get my father to make old Dunston expel you; and when I'm a man I'll devote all my time to wrecking your vile hat business and ruining you and making you a shivering, starving beggar in the streets!"

"Go and sneak, I should," said Tom-

lin.

And blessed if Carlo didn't! He tore straight off to the Doctor just as he was in his licked condition.

That much I heard from my fag,

young Tomlin, but the rest I saw for myself, as the Sixth happened to be before the Doctor in his study when Carlo arrived. He was white and muddy and slightly bloody and panting; he looked jolly wicked, and his collar had carried away from the stud, and his trousers were torn behind.

"My good lad, whatever has happened?" began the Doctor. "Don't say you have met with an accident? And

yet your appearance---?"

"Nothing of the sort," said Carlo, who soon found out the Doctor had a weak place for him, owing to being a lord's son. "I've been frightfully and cruelly mangled through no fault of my own; and I believe some things inside me are broken too."

"Sit down, sit down, my unfortunate lad," said the Doctor. Then he rang the bell and told the butler to bring Viscount Westonleigh a glass of wine

at once.

"It's Tomlin done it," said Carlo.
"He came up behind me, and, before I could defend myself, he trampled on me and tried to tear me limb from limb. I'm not strong, and I may die of it. Anyway he ought to be expelled, and I'll write to my father, the Earl, about it, and he'll make the whole country-side resound if Tomlin isn't chucked and his character ruined."

"Hush, Westonleigh!" said the Doctor.
"Have no fear that justice will not be done, my boy. You shall yourself accuse Tomlin and hear what he may have to

say in defence."

Then Tomlin was sent for, and, in

about two minutes, came.

"Is this true, boy Tomlin?" said the Doctor, putting on his big manner. "One glance at your victim," he continued, "furnishes a more conclusive reply to my question than could any word of yours; nevertheless, I desire to hear from your own lips whether Viscount Westonleigh's assertions are true or not."

"Don't know what he's asserted, sir," said Tomlin, which was a smart thing for a kid to say. "If he said I've licked

him, it's true, sir."

"That is what he did assert, sir, in words chosen with greater regard for my feelings than your own. And are you aware, George Tomlin, that you have 'licked' one who, in the ordinary course of nature and subject to the Will of an

day take his seat in the House of Lords?"

"I've heard him say he will, sir," answered Tomlin, as though no statement of Carlo's could be worth be-

"Don't answer in that offensive tone.

all-just, all-seeing Providence, will some bring a blush to the baser extremity of your person. Some learn through the head, George Tomlin; some can only be approached through the hide; and with the latter category you have long unhappily chosen to throw in your lot.'

Tomlin said nothing, but looked at

Carlo.



"YOU MAY JOIN ME AFTER PRAYERS"

boy," answered the Doctor, his voice rising to the pitch that always proceeded a flogging. "If your stagnant sense of right cannot bring a blush to your cheek before the spectacle of this scandalous attack, it will be necessary for me—for me, your head-master, sir to quicken the blood in your veins and

"Before proceeding, according to my custom, I shall hear both sides of this question-audi alteram partem, George Tomlin. Now say what you have to say; explain why your lamentable, your unholy, your aboriginal passions led you to fall upon Viscount Westonleigh from behind—to take him in the

rear, sir, after the unmanly fashion of the North American Indian or other primi-

tive savage."

"I didn't take him in the rear at all, sir," said Tomlin. "I stood right up to him, and he said he wouldn't fight a future hatter."

"A very proper decision, too, sir—a natural and wise decision," declared the Doctor. "Why should the son of Lord Golightly imbue his hand in the blood of—I will not say a future hatter, for I vield to no man in my respect for your father, Tomlin, and his business is alike honourable and necessary; but why should he fight anybody?"

"If he's challenged he's got to, sir, or

else take a licking.'

"No flippancy, sir!" thundered the Doctor again. "Who are you to announce the laws which govern the society of Merivale? Shall it be possible in a Christian land, at a Christian college for Christian lads, to find infamous boys with tigrine instincts parading the fold for the purpose of smiting when and where they will? This, sir, is the very apotheosis of savagery!"

"I didn't do it for nothing, sir," said Tomlin; "I'm not going to sneak, of course; but I—I licked Carlo for a jolly good reason, and he knows what."

"Don't know anything of the sort," declared Carlo. "You flew at me like a wolf from behind."

"That's a good one," answered Tomlin,

"Anybody can see you did from the

state I'm in," said Carlo.

"You two boys," began the Doctor again, "though you know it not, stand here before me as types of a great social movement. In the democratic age upon which we are now entering we shall find the Tomlins at war with the Westonleighs; we shall find the Westonleighs disdaining to fight, and the Tomlins accordingly doing what pleases them in their own brutal way. Now, here I find myself met with statement and counterstatement. The indictment is all too clear against you, boy Tomlin, for even the glass of old brown sherry which he has just consumed fails to soothe your unfortunate victim's nerve-centres. He is still far from calm. This work of destruction was yours. You do not deny it, but you refuse any explanation, making instead a vague and ambiguous reference to not sneaking. No man hates the tale-

bearer more than your head-master, sir; but there are occasions when the school's welfare and the protection of our little Commonwealth make it absolutely necessary that offences should be reported to the ruler of that Commonwealth. I have no hesitation in saying that Westonleigh saw the present incident in this light. He had no right to hush up the matter. Whatever his private instincts towards mercy, his duty to his companions and to me, together with a hereditary sense of justice and the fearless instincts of his noble race, compelled him to come before me and report the presence of a young garotter in our midst. Having regard to the perverted, not to say inverted, sense of justice and honour all too common among every community of boys, his act was a brave act. I accept his statement in its entirety; consequently, Tomlin, you may join me this evening, at nine o'clock, after prayers."

That meant a flogging, and Tomlin said, "Yes, sir," and hooked it; but the wretched Carlo thought he was going to hear Tomlin expelled. He burst out and said as much, and the Doctor started as if a serpent had stung him, and told Carlo to control the instinct of revenge so common to all human nature, and explained that chaps were not expelled for trifles. He reminded Carlo that Tomlin had an immortal soul like himself, and seemed to imply that being expelled from Merivale would ruin a chap's future in this world and the next. Finally he allowed Carlo, in consideration of the dressing he had got, to stop in the playground that afternoon with a So the little skunk crept off, book. pretending to walk lame; and the Doctor, evidently much bothered altogether, took up our work where he had left it.

. . . .

Tomlin got flogged all right, and there the matter ended, excepting that a lot of fellows sent Carlo to Coventry and called him "ant-fryer" from that day.

Then, within three weeks, came the Doctor's howler, Steggles being responsible. Steggles is a bit of a hound, but his cunning is wonderful. As for the Doctor, he continued making much of Carlo and sitting on Tomlin, till one day, going into chapel, he unexpectedly patted Tomlin on the head. Tomlin

was rather pleased, because he thought the doctor was relenting to him; but when Steggles heard of it, he said:

"Why, you fool, he thought he was

patting Westonleigh!"

Then, on an evening when Tomlin was cooking a sausage for me in the Sixth's class-room, he said:

"Please, I should like to speak to you,

if I may."

So I chucked work, and told him to

say what he liked.

"It's only to show how things go against a chap, no matter what he does," said the kid. "This term I have been flogged for licking Carlo, and caned three times since for other things, which were more bad-luck than anything else; and now I'll be flogged again to-morrow for absolute certain."

" Why?"

"Well, it's a jolly muddle. You know, Steggles?"

"Yes, you're a fool to go about with

him," I said.

"Perhaps I was. Anyway Steggles and me made a plot to get some of the medlars from the tree on the lawn; and we got out after dark to do it. They're simply allowed to fall and rot on the ground, which is a waste of good tuck, We crept out about ten Steggles says. o'clock last night, past Browne's study window; and we looked in from the shrubbery to see the window open, and soda-water and whisky and pipes on the table, but no Browne, strange to say. Then we sneaked on, and Steggles suddenly heard something and but I kept him going. We reached the tree, and Steggles lighted his bull's-eye lantern, so as to collect the medlars, when suddenly, out from behind the tree itself rushed a man. We hooked it like lightning, naturally, and I never saw Steggles go at such a pace in my life; and he stuck to his lantern, too; but I tripped and fell, and before I could get up the man had collared me. you'll believe it, the man was Browne! He asked me who the other chap was, and I said I couldn't be quite sure, so he told me to go back to bed, which I did. That was last night; and the one medlar we had time to get, Steggles had eaten before I got back, which shows what Steggles is. To-day Browne will tell the Doctor. He always chooses the evening after prayers, so that he can work the Doctor up with his stories and

get a chap flogged right away; because it often happens when Doctor Dunston says he'll flog a chap next day, he doesn't do it."

"And what is Steggles going to do?"

"He says he is watching events. He also says that Browne was certainly stealing the Doctor's medlars himself, and really we surprised him, not he us; but, of course, Steggles says, it's no good my telling the Doctor that. Steggles also says that he's got an idea which may come to something. I don't know; but he's a very cute chap. I've got to keep out of the way after prayers to-night, and Steggles is going to watch Browne. He won't tell me his plan. I thought once that perhaps he meant giving himself up for me, and I asked him, and he said I ought to know him better."

Tomlin then cleared out, and as the Doctor took Slade and me for a short Greek lesson every evening after prayers, because of special examinations, I had the good luck to see the end of the busi-

ness that very night.

We'd just got to work by the Doctor's green-shaded reading-lamp when Browne came in with his grovelling way, pretending he was awfully sorry for having to round on Tomlin, but that his duty

gave him no option, and so on.

"Last night," he said, "I was sitting correcting exercises in my study when I fancied I saw a form steal across the grass outside. Thinking some vagabond might be in the grounds, I dashed out and followed as quickly as possible. Presently I saw a light and noted two figures under the medlar tree. Fearing they might be plotting against the house, I went straight at them, and, to my astonishment, saw that they were only boys. One darted away, and I failed to catch him; the other, I much regret to say, was Tomlin."

That is how Browne put the affair. "Tomlin again!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Positively, that boy's behaviour passes

the bounds of endurance."

"Yes, taking the medlars of one who has always treated him as you have. I couldn't trust myself to speak to him.

He's a very disappointing boy."

"He's a disgraceful, degenerate, disreputable boy! I can forgive much; but the stealing of fruit—and that my fruit! Greediness, immorality, ingratitude in the person of one outrageous lad! I thank you, Browne. Yours was a zealous act, and argued courage of high order. Oblige me by sending Tomlin hither at once. There shall be no delay."

Browne hurried off to find the wretched Tomlin, and Doctor Dunston, who always had to work up his feelings before flogging a chap, snorted like a horse, and took off his glasses, and went

"Upon my soul," he said, "Lord Golightly's son was right. His knowledge of character is remarkable in so young a lad. Tomlin will have to be expelled; Tomlin must go; such consistent, such inherent depravity appears ineradicable. Pruning is of no avail; the branch must be sacrificed. My med-



"THIS IS TERRIBLE. TERRIBLE!"

to the corner behind the bookcase where canes and things were kept. He seemed to forget Slade and me, so we sat tight in the gloom outside the radius of light thrown by the green-shaded lamp, and waited with regret to see Tomlin catch it. The doctor talked to himself as he brought out a birch and swished it through the air once or twice.

lars under cover of darkness! And I would have given them freely had he but asked!"

He evidently wasn't going to expel Tomlin this time, but he meant doing all he knew with the birch; and as Tomlin was some while coming the Doctor's safety valves were regularly humming before he turned up. When he did

come, he walked boldly in, and the Doctor, who had been striding up and down like a lion at the Zoo, didn't want for any remarks, but just went straight for him, seized him by the nape of the neck, nipped his hand round his back—in a way he did very neatly from long practice—and began to administer about the hottest flogging he'd given to any boy in his life.

"So—you—add—the—eighth—command—ment—to—the—others—you—have—already—shattered—deplorable—boy!" roared the Doctor, giving Tomlin one between each smack. "You—would—purloin—steal—rob—the medlars—of your preceptor. You would lead others—to—share—your—sin. You would bring—tears—of—grief—to—a—

good-mother's-eyes."

Here the Doctor stopped a moment for breath, but he still held on to Tomlin, who, much to my surprise, wriggled about a good deal. In fact, he shot out his legs over and over again at intervals like a grasshopper does when it gets into the water; and when he got a chance he yelled back at the Doctor:

"It's a lie—a filthy lie," he shrieked out. "Beast—devil! Let me go! Let me go! I never touched your rotten old

medlars-oh!-oh!"

Then the Doctor went off again.

"Silence, miserable child! Cease your blasphemies. Falsehood — will — not —

save-you-now!"

"I never touched them, I tell you, you muddle-headed old beast! You're killing me, and my father'll imprison you for life for it. I wish they could hang you. I'll make you smart for this if you only live till I grow up—Devil!"

But the Doctor had shot his bolt. He gave Tomlin a final smack, then shook him off like a spider, picked up his mortar-board, which had fallen off in the struggle, and put the birch in its place.

"Now go, and don't speak another word, or I shall expel you, wretched

lad!"

Meantime Slade and I were fairly on the gasp, for from the time that Tomlin, as we thought, had called the Doctor a devil, we realised the truth. Now his passion nearly choked him; he danced with pain and rage; only when the Doctor took a stride towards him he opened the door and hooked it.

The Doctor puffed and grunted like a traction-engine trying to get up a hill.

"These are the black days in a head-master's life, Slade," he said. "That misguided lad thinks that I enjoyed administering his punishment, yet both mentally and physically the operation caused me far greater suffering than it caused him. I am wounded—wounded to the heart, and the exertion causes and will cause me much discomfort for hours to come, owing to its unusual severity. I may say that not for ten years has it been necessary for me to flog a boy as I have just flogged George Tomlin. Now let us proceed."

I couldn't have broken it to him, but

Slade did. He said:

"Please, sir, it wasn't Tomlin."

Not Tomlin—not Tomlin! What d'you mean, boy? Who was it, then?" said the Doctor, his eyebrows going up on to his forehead, which was all quite dewy from the hard work.

"It was young Carlo—I mean Weston-

leigh," said Slade.

"Viscount Westonleigh!" gasped the Doctor, his mouth dropping right open in a very rum way all by itself, if you understand me.

" Yes, sir."

"Then why, in the name of heaven, didn't you say so? How dare you stand there and watch me commit an offence against law and justice? How did you dare to watch me ignorantly torture an innocent boy, and that boy—— Go! go both of you instantly, and send Browne and Viscount Westonleigh to me. Good God! this is terrible—terrible!"

So that was his howler, and to see him in his chair, looking so old, and haggard, and queer, was rather frightful. seemed suddenly struck with limpness, and his hands shook like anything, and so did his bald head; and he puffed as if he'd been running miles; and Slade said afterwards that he looked jolly frightened too. He put his face in his hands as we went out, and we heard him say something about Lord Golightly, and ruin, and universal opprobrium on his grey hairs, though really he had none worth mentioning; and Slade said he almost thought the Doctor was actually going to cry, if such a thing could be possible.

We sent Browne off to him, but Carlo wasn't to be found. He'd been seen yelling somewhere, but couldn't be traced. What had happened was this:

Tomlin, in obedience to Steggles, had kept rather close after prayers; in fact, he had spent the half-hour to bed-time in a cupboard in the gymnasium, under So Browne, not findthe rubber shoes. ing him, had told the first boy he saw to do so; and that boy happened to be Steggles, who had been at his heels ever since he went to the Doctor. Steggles is a miserable, unwholesome thing, but his strategy certainly comes off. having the message all was easy, because Steggles merely found Carlo, and told him the Doctor wanted him. The result was much better than even Steggles hoped; because, though the Doctor generally fell on a chap who came to be flogged straight away, like he did on Carlo, it wasn't often anybody got such a frightful strong dose as Carlo had. Afterwards, when taxed, Steggless wore, of course, that he thought he was talking to Tomlin. Seeing the likeness, this might have been perfectly true, though in their secret hearts everybody knew Steggles too jolly well to really believe it.

Carlo didn't turn up, and after an hour or more of frantic rushing about, some-body said perhaps he'd jumped down the garden well owing to the indignity of what he'd got. But soon afterwards, in reply to a special telegram sent for the Doctor by the people at the railway station, an answer came from Golightly Towers, twenty miles off, where the purple-veined lord father of Carlo hung out. The kid, it seemed, had sloped down to Merivale railway station after his licking, and taken a ticket right away for Golightly, and gone home by the last train but one that night. He never returned either, but next day his

father dropped in on Doctor Dunston, and Fowle managed to hear a little of what went on through the keyhole; he said that as far as he could make out the lord didn't think much of the matter, and said one thrashing more or less wouldn't mar Carlo. But the lord's wife, who didn't come, evidently took the same view as Carlo, for he never returned to Dunston's again. The Doctor's howler ended in his losing the little bounder altogether. Which, with his views about lords in general, and especially earls, must have been frightfully rough on him.

As to Tomlin, actually the Doctornever flogged him after all! I think his spirit had got a bit broken, and though Tomlin went at the end of the term, he wasn't expelled, but withdrawn by mutual consent, like you hear of things in l'arliament sometimes. He wouldn't have gone at all, but he refused to say who was under the medlar tree with him, and stuck to it; and Steggles absolutely declined to give himself up, because, as he truly said, he had more than kept his promise to Tomlin about helping him out of the mess.

So Tomlin went. He was a very decent little chap indeed, and nearly all the fellows at Dunston's promised faithfully to buy their hats entirely at his place in Bond Street, London, when they left school; which will be very good business for him if they do. As for the Doctor, it's a peculiar fact that for two terms and a-half after Carlo's affair he never flogged a single chap. He didn't seem to have any heart in him somehow, owing to the rum way the howler told on his character.





THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

ILLUSTRATED BY L. RAVEN HILL.

THE MEAT MARKET.

T must have occurred to heaps of people what an enormous amount of money is spent on our appetites in the Christmas week. At least it occurred to me, and in order to give my imagination something to feed upon, I

sentimental. Many of them have their feet crossed on their breast as if in meek submission to fate; others hold them out as if begging; all of them look in such excellent condition, that you at last perceive that they have reached that con-



MR. N. STEPHENS
From a photograph by W. S. Bradshaw and Sons, Newgate St.

maturally took a walk to the Central Markets in Smithfield. The markets are palatial, at least, in extent, and their spacious corridors are hung with the food of millions. These corridors are in their way unique. They are as full of colour as of meat, and the human beings who walk about, some in blue blouses, others in white, add to the picturesque effect. The poor little pigs make you almost



C. E. I.E POER TRENCH From a photograph by Hellis and Sons

dition of absolute cleanliness towards which they were always striving, in spite of innumerable difficulties. Take a turn off one of the spacious corridors, and you see countless eggs lying so neatly side by side that they almost give you an impression of comfort. Red Dutch cheeses lying flat on their backs preserve an air of masterly inactivity that positively thrills you with pleasure. Thirsting for infor-

mation, I went straight to the superintendent's office, and was without delay shown into Mr. Stephens's room.

"Is Christmas week your busiest here?" I asked, flying straight at the throat of

my subject.

"Well, that to some extent depends on what day of the week Christmas happens to fall," said Mr. Stephens. "If, as is the case this year, Christmas falls at the end of the week, then it is certainly the busiest week of the year, because the butchers lay in their stock then to last them the whole week; whereas if Christmas falls in the beginning of the week the season is split by the intervention of Sunday."

" How do you calculate the amount of food that comes into the market?"

"There is a toll of one farthing on every 21 lbs. of everything that comes in. The first year that the toll was levied, twenty-eight years ago, it brought in an income of £14,220 3s. 61/2 d. Now if you multiply the number of sovereigns by nine, you will get the gross tonnage of food that came into the market that year, viz., 127,980 tons."

" It is much greater now, of course?"

"It has increased by 171 per cent. In 1895 the total toll was £38,587 os. 4d., giving a gross tonnage of 347,283 tons; and this year already there is an increase over last year of more than 2,000 tons."

"What kinds of food do these 337,283

tons include?"

"Butcher meat, poultry, game, cheese, and butter. I cannot tell you how many hens, or geese, or turkeys have been killed, but I can show you how the importation of Australian and New Zealand killed fresh meat has increased since 1881. In that year there were 565 tons delivered here; in 1895 there were 66,719 tons. Why, in 1895 almost half of the meat delivered here was from Europe, America, Australia, and New Zealand.

"How does that fact affect the home

produce of food?"

"Well, of course it lowers the price."

"Not very much, does it?"

"Butcher's meat is at least 21/2d. a pound cheaper to-day than it was a few years ago."

"Now tell me, Mr. Stephens," I asked, "who were all these different people whom I saw looking after the meat in the

markets?"

"We have three class of tenants," said Mr. Stephens. "First there is the commission salesman, who receives the foods here from others to sell for them. there are the carcase butchers, who buy the live animals, slaughter them, and sell them here on their own. Lastly, there are what are called the bummaree-men



A SMITHFIELD MEAT PORIER

(I give the spelling for what it is worth), who buy of the carcase butchers, cut up the parts, and supply the retail butchers with whatever they may require; for example, a butcher in a small way may not want to buy a whole animal, so he will commission the bummaree-man to supply him with twenty legs of mutton, or whatever it may be."

"Now, then," I asked in conclusion, "can you give me any notion of the increase of the nation's appetite during

Christmas week?"

"I think I can," said Mr. Stephens, consulting a wonderfully-kept ledger. "During the week ending 21st December, 1895, there were 10,895 tons delivered; during the week ending 14th December, there were 7,789 tons; and the week following Christmas there were only 4,440

"These are terrible figures," I said; and I came away with the heightened sense of the capacity of our stomachs, though the lamentable falling-off the week after Christmas suggested something else.

THE FISH MARKET.

Being of an active disposition, and scorning the way of the sluggard, I rose



PORK

early the following morning, and made my way through Billingsgate to the Fish Market. Billingsgate makes you feel in the early morning about the size of a shrimp. The street towers over you on either side. The smell, without being offensive, is indescribable, and the cold, sharp air causes you to loathe the idea of being a merman. In the meat market everybody had looked well-fed and jolly. They were protuberant and red cheeked, well greased in good Christian fat, and proof against the cold. Besides the blue and white blouses were truly picturesque. But here in Billingsgate, at six o'clock on a cold frosty morning, I cursed my inveterate habit of early rising, and wished I could persuade myself to be as lazy as the bulk of my friends. The men I met looked shrivelled and miserable in their damp clothes, with the hideous leather helmets on their heads that made them look hardly human. Inside the market, however, I changed my opinion. There was almost as much colour here as in the white and red corridors at Smithfield. A ship had just disgorged its burden of fish, which were being sold by auction to an excited crowd of buyers. The Fishmongers Company's officials were inspecting the fish to see that they were in sound condition. The fish themselves, seen here and there, were a brilliant mixture of black and white. Men with red hands and excited faces were bawling at each other in a language quite unintelligible to me, but all the more interesting on that account. The market was brilliantly lighted, and now and again you got a glimpse of the dark river beyond. Suddenly something moving up a chain close to me caught my eye; it was a huge rat making its way from so much noise, light, and confusion to the peaceful seclusion of the roof. One of the clerks from the superintendent's office was beside me, and I asked him if rats liked

"Oh, yes," he said, "they simply swarm Down below in the basement, where the fish are stored which are not sold at once, the rats have a high old time of it.'

"What is done with these fish?"

"Shipped down the river, and sold for manure," he said.

"How many tons of fish are delivered

here every morning?" I asked.

"On a fair average I should say about 400 tons," he answered. "Last year there were 37,437 tons delivered here by water, and 89,854 tons by land. On every van of fish, whether it is full or not, there is a toll of 2s. 6d.; on every steamer or boat a toll of £1 per 100 tons, and 3d. for every ton over that number."

"I suppose Christmas week is not busier with you than any other?"

"No," he said; "the weather has to be reckoned with. But February is generally the worst month for fish."

"What fish will be in season during Christmas?" I asked, with my eye for

ever on my subject.

"You may get almost any fish at Christmas," he said, "except salmon; but cod is the most abundant."

"Could I buy a single fish just now if I wished?" I asked.

"Not now; later in the day you could buy one from the bummaree-men."

"Who are they?" I asked, thinking of

my friends in the Meat Market.

Dealers who buy a box of fish, and sell them one by one. Some people imagine that if they come to the Fish Market they will get fresher, and better, and cheaper fish than can be bought at the shops; but they never made a greater mistake. The bummaree-man is notorious neither for the freshness nor the cheapness of his fish."

I shuddered, for had not my housekeeper once triumphantly informed me that the fish she laid on my dinner-table she had brought with her direct from the Fish market. Mentem mortalia tangunt. I left Billingsgate with a feeling of oppression. The fish had raised the tonnage of food for London during Christmas week to 13,500 tons, solid.

COVENT GARDEN.

From Billingsgate to Covent Garden! The change was so abrupt that it pulled me together again. Billingsgate never suggests the sea. Fish and fishmongers is the most it can do for you. But Covent Garden fills you mind with glimpses of English fields and gardens; of the fruitladen provinces of France and all the sunny places of the world. I asked a broken-nose boy, who was casting a critical eye over a barrow of carrots, if he could direct me to the superintendent's office. "I couldn't fur the life of me tell yer how to go," he said frankly. "There's as many turnings and twistings as would make me tire myself if I was to try and explain to yer. But I can take yer there with my eyes shut." He took me there. It was the first turning on the left. "Push open the door," said the broken-nosed boy, "and walk up." I did so, and found myself in the presence of Mr. Assbee. Now my mind had been running so steadily on tonnage, that for the moment I forgot about the Christmas dinner.

"Can you give me any statistics about Covent Garden, Mr. Assbee?"

" But "Well, very few," he said. statistics about what?"

"Christmas week," I said. "Is that

your busiest time?"

"In some respects it is. It is the season for the foreign fruit and holly and mistletoe. The week before Christmas will undoubtedly be the busiest

week of the season in these particular goods."

"How much holly and mistletoe will

you have in the market then?"

"Well, you may say that there will be at least 300 carts of holly and about 1,200 crates of mistletoe. The holly, of course, comes from the English counties, but nearly all the mistletoe comes to us from Normandy."

"What is a crate?"

"Oh, a sort of huge box of wickerwork, about 4 feet by 3 by 21/2, or of laths, 3 feet by 21/2 by 21/2."

"Twelve hundred crates means a lot of mistletoe," I said, being inveterately

"You are quite right," said Mr. Assbec.
"About fruit, now?" I said.

"Well, last Christmas was a great year for English apples; but this Christ-



A BUYER

mas foreign fruit will hold the field. I hear that the American crop of apples is exceptionally large this year. But I would advise you to ask Mr. Garcia about the foreign fruit, for he is in close touch with it."

Accordingly I sought out Mr. Garcia in his office in the foreign fruit market, and explained to him that I wanted to

know all about grapes, and apples, and oranges, and bananas, and pineapples.

"In these," said Mr. Garcia, "the trade just before Christmas is,

just before Christmas is, out of all proportion, larger than at any other time. Shipments of grapes from Almeria commence about this time, and continue until November. The crop this year consists of about 550,000 barrels, being 200,000 barrels less than the crop of last season."

"Are these foreign grapes driving English grapes out of the market?"

"On the contrary," said

Mr. Garcia. "A combination of English
growers are producing this year about
700 tons of grapes, of which the prices
are not likely to rise above 2s, a pound
until the end of March."

"Where do most of the oranges come from?"



MR. GARCIA From a photograph by Mora, Brighton

"From Valencia. Oranges are sold in this country at almost the same price at which they are sold in the villages of

This year there Spain. is more land under cultivation than before, and the orange crop is therefore likely to be the largest that has yet been. Ordinarily a million cases of oranges are shipped to the United Kingdom. This year, as I have said, it will be greater, and owing to the quantity and the cheapness, the growers and shippers will be wellnigh ruined. In the early portion of the season

America will take a larger amount than usual owing to the failure of the Florida crop two years ago."

"Which are the best kind of oranges?"
"At Christmas the best oranges come from Jamaica, Florida, and Jaffa. They are more expensive than Valencians,



AT SMITHFIELD - REFRESHMENT

owing to the smaller quantity and better quality. The apple crop in America this year is also the largest ever known. The smallest crop was in 1883, when only 81,000 barrels were shipped to this country; this year it is anticipated that there will be over two million barrels."

"Bananas," I remarked, "seem popu-

"Bananas," said Mr. Garcia, " are certainly popular. Except in August and September, when bananas are 'off,' there are from five to twelve thousand bunches sold per week, and these are all from Madeira and Teneriffe."

"Bananas have a future?" I suggested.

"I could tell you something about that, but I won't," said Mr. Garcia; "at least, not just yet."

"Where do the pineapples come from?"

"Almost without exception they come from the Isle of St. Michael in the Azores. Once on a time, not so long ago, there was nothing but oranges grown in St. Michael's, now there is nothing but pineapples."

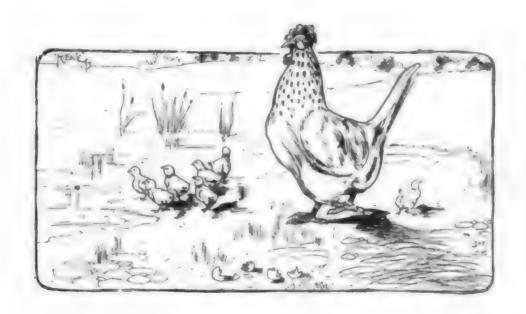
"And the average supply to this

country?"

"The average supply per week from November to March varies from 10,000

to 30,000 pineapples."

Now, when I considered what had to be consumed during Christmas week—10,895 tons of butcher's meat, poultry, and pigs; 2,500 tons of fish; about 1,000,000 oranges, apples, pears, grapes, bananas, and pineapples—my courage sank.



Some Experiences of Lord Syfret.

BY ARABELLA KENEALY.

HONORIA'S HERO.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. SAVAGE.

CHAPTER I.

To address a policeman as sergeant is the road royal to his heart, but today the password failed. He was gazing stupidly, and with an abashed countenance, after a thin little man who had returned his obsequious salutation with a cold stare. He remained looking after this uncivil person till he had passed from sight. Then he stooped and flicked a speck of dust from the knee of his uniform with an overdone indifference.

"That's McFerret, of Scotland Yard,

our boss-detective, your lordship."
"You don't seem to be a favourite of

"You don't seem to be a favourite of his."

"I forgot my dooty, your lordship, and he's not the one to forget I forgot it. My dooty was not to reco'nise 'im."

"Ah," I said. "He's after somebody,

I suppose?"

Policeman R. looked knowing. Then

he resumed his depressed air.

"I igspec I sh'll never 'ear the end o' it," he said dejectedly. "I did it once before and it put me back a year."

I slipped five shillings into his ready palm. "Anything up?" I questioned.

"Must be, your lordship, or he wouldn't be here. But, bless you, he don't tell me. He's as deep as a reservoy. Look

out, he's coming back."

The thin little man was returning at a great pace. Something had happened it was plain. There was triumphant excitement in every nervous line of him. Policeman R. simulated unacquaintance to such purpose that half a mile away you would have supposed the man approaching to be his principal creditor.

The thin man passed in the road without turning his head. As he passed he threw these words out sideways:

"Notice young woman walking with

young man."

Three minutes later a couple sauntered into sight. My eye was on the man, so that I did not recognise his companion till they were abreast of us. He was a well-built, gentleman-like fellow, with a face that would have been handsome had his brow and jaw accorded better. As it was, the disproportion between brainstuff and brute-stuff jarred me with a sense of insecurity. That jaw of his was capable of taking the brain between its teeth and bolting in a manner that argued ill to such as stood in its way. For the rest he was broad-shouldered, erect, and carried himself well in his tweeds.

Then my eyes went to his companion. I had only time to raise my hat. She did not notice my salute. She did not see me at all. Her pale face was lifted to the well-cut profile of the man beside her. There were tears on her lashes and love in her eyes. There was something more. I am a bachelor, and I trust by the good offices of Fate to die in that state. But I am a man, and I know what that look means in a woman's face. I know it means, God help her if the conventions of the world have not been satisfied.

As they passed he flashed from under his narrow brows one keen, dare-devil glance in our direction. His voice was lowered: he seemed to be re-assuring her. She had no eyes nor ears for anything but him. It seemed to me she did not listen to his words, but only heard his voice. Twice I saw her carry a trembling hand to her lips, and lay it secretly and with a tender fondness on his shoulder.

I had known her from childhood. I put myself between her and the con-

stable's stare. But the more delicate issues of the case had quite escaped him. His face was one broad grin. He chuckled and slapped his thigh.

"Danged if I ain't got back at him," he blustered. "The best joak out. He doan't make mistakes hisself, doan't my

fine gentleman?'

I let him talk. I had other things to think of. Presently McFerret reappeared.

"Well?" he questioned.

"Well, sir," the constable returned, with an intonation of civility that the superior criticism of his eye belied.

"Do you know her?"

"Who?"

"Who! Why, the woman with him. The woman who just passed."

The constable looked important.

"Beggin' your pardon, sir," he rejoined, "I ain't seen any woman pass, though I might ha' seen a lady."

"Lady!" the other echoed. "I guess ladies don't go about with Ted Squance."

"Thet Ted Squance?" Constable R. interrogated. "Well, now you come to tell me it. I shouldn't ha' thought it."

The thin man lost his temper.

"Why the deuce don't you answer my

question?"

"Beg pardon, sir," the other said. "I was that took aback becos' I knows both the lady and the gent, and I think——"

"Keep your reflections to yourself, and tell me her name."

"Well, her name's Miss 'Onnery Deans, and she's old Squire Deans's granddaughter; and the gent's a gent as stops at the Court a good bit, which ain't surprisin' seein' he's the Squire's grand-nephew," the constable announced,

hammering his information into his superior with the indiscreet alacrity of the common fool driving nails into his

coffin.

McFerret levelled at him one look which was an epitaph. Then he took a "D" between his teeth and strode off down the road with the air of a man somewhat late for his train.

"What was the object of that lie?" I asked. "You know the squire has no

grand-nephew."

The constable slapped his thigh.

"Begging your lordship's pardon," he explained. "I giv' him as good as he's wuth. P'raps he'll be civiller another time."

But the policy of rapping at one's superiors in office does not pay. The following week a new constable stood at the corner, in the old one's shoes. The old constable had passed from the ranks of the intelligent force. To this day he may be hired as a hewer of wood or a hoer of potatoes.

CHAPTER II.

I HAD known Squire Deans, if anybody might be said to know him, all my life. He was, I imagine, somewhere to be found inside the crustacean accretion of lore and learning he had deposited about him like a shell, but I must confess I never came across a man who had succeeded in penetrating his most exterior cuticle. Like a tortoise he would sometimes steal a clumsy head out, or advance an extremity, and, as you would do with a tortoise, so with him, you had to take such evidence as proof that the shell contained an entity with a nervous and circulatory system.

Deans Court was a structure rambling and immense, dating from the Seventeenth Century. The original building had been so greatly and so incongruously extended, that it gave you the impression of a strange amphibious monster with more limbs than it required. Moreover, it was tunnelled with subterranean

passages wherein, at certain seasons, the wind howled like a dog scenting death. There were secret panellings and sliding walls, and every possible device for such games of hide-and-seek as were played when the seeker carried naked, and it might be dripping, sword in hand, and the hider his life. The oaken floors were dyed in parts with the life-stain that is said not to wash out. - Footsteps, booted and spurred, rang over them boldly, and in broad daylight. Silken garments rustled shyly, or fled shivering down the passages. And, doubtless, headless persons walked, for no ghost story that ever has been told of haunted house was not accredited to this one.

The squire was the only person who had never seen or heard anything out of the common, but you would not expect that anything out of the common would trouble to knock long enough upon his horny crust to make itself perceived.

Honoria Deans had never been to boarding-school, for which, from one standpoint, she had something to be thankful. Boarding-schools are human mills whence girls are turned out commonplace and "by the gross"—as toys are "made in Germany."

Her grandfather did not approve of education for girls. He regarded it as waste of good material. He did not, as a matter of fact, approve of girls at all;

Whatsoever she wanted it was not in the theological section. So Honoria had the library, and she had the garden. The one served her for school-house, the other for play-ground. She had absolutely no companions, young or old.

"Honoria has me," the crustacean had always said, "it is not as if she were

alone in the house."

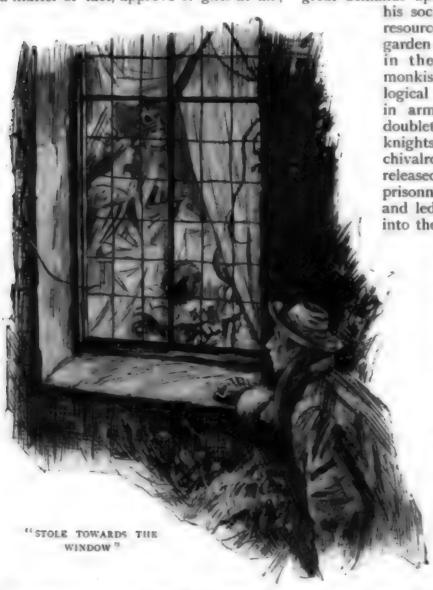
But I do not think Honoria made great demands upon the crustacean for

his society. She had other resources. She peopled the garden with persons she met in the library; not the monkish fellows of the theological section, but persons in armour and helmet, in doublet and hose, heroes, and knights and ladies, saints and chivalrous sinners. These she released from the barred imprisonment of printed pages and led them gentle-handed into the sunlight and breeze

of the old, wild garden. I have seen her walk and talk there with them; her face aglow, her footstep light and buoyant keeping pace with their fantastic gait, her eyes drinking glimpses, her ears whisperings, of their phantasmal company.

Her grandfather was in some ways right. She was more in her element with these persons of print than she would have been in the society of schoolmisses infected with

a scarlet fever of fine clothes, a measles of self-consciousness, shooting languishing affected glances after the chemist's assistant or music-master—who happened at the moment to be the vulgar idol of the school. If any of Honoria's knights or heroes kissed her on her flushing cheek, or brushed her fingers with aerial hands, what harm was in it? He was a man who had been dead some hundred years, or a man sprung from the finer elements of a romancist's brain, or a man she had fashioned out of the



indeed, his mind was ever in a twilight of astonishment as to why woman had been created. With means so multiple, resources so fertile at her command, it appeared to him quite simple for Nature to have devised some other expedient whereby a race, masculine and competent, should be perpetuated. "Honoria has the library," he would say with regard to his granddaughter's education, "so long as she does not meddle with my theological section. What more can she want?"

innocent materials of her own heart. In fine, he was a man for the anatomist to scoff at: a man without any of the dross that serves to keep a head out of the skies, and concerns itself with streetpaying, and the disposal of the civic mud; a man with bone and muscle only for the loftiest deeds; a man who would be always running against the telegraph wires seeking unchivalrous giants whom he might devour, a man of such unequal parts that were you to stand him up against a wall he would assuredly pitch over lop-sided, ill-balanced, top-heavy with super-excellence and virtue. Yet, not a man too great to see how fair a girl may look when the winds of a wayward morning or the dreams of a winter night have kindled her eyes and flushed O! I pray you not too her cheeks. great a man for that! Nor one too bent on knightly deeds to miss perceiving how her last new frock became her. A man to go to the lions for his God, a man to war with dragons for his love, a man to lead a conquering army, a man to be Prime Minister or Czar, a man to pen great books, a man altogether too square for this round world of ours, but not a man to harm a girl though she admitted him to her most intimate society, and in her tenderest moods. Honoria's lovers. doubtless, rang the changes, down the ages from King Arthur to Carlyle. They were altogether a gay chameleon, changing their colour according to the page on which they happened to be found. So I had learned from sundry little talks and walks I shared with her when she had grown too old to be ridden on a knee, and later, too young to be kissed.

But now it appeared Honoria had got a lover in the flesh, and—if that face of hers told truth—had, Heaven help her, thought him good enough and topheavy like that man of her imagining to be admitted to her loneliest moods.

I jumped the fence one noon and met her as she turned the path. Heaven help her, indeed, poor child! There was more now than her face to betray her. She walked slowly and with lids drooped low on a pale cheek. Her cloak had blown aside, and her simplicity took no heed to fold it to its place again. It was December, and the snow lay crisp. She did not hear me come. Till, suddenly, she raised her eyes. Now, thanks be to innocence, the man had failed to harm her! However much a ruffian

he might be, he had not harmed her. Between him and his kisses there had ever come the knight who had been dead some hundred years, the hero who had braved the lions, the warrior, the poet, the Prime Minister, the top-heavy, lop-sided, impracticable creature of her innocent imaginings. The man had brought shame on her in the world's sight. In her own there was none—only wonder and a girl's awe of a tender human mystery—a mystery that had been told with all the baseness blotted out by that shadowy hero of hers.

I noticed that she wore a wedding-Of course! Honoria's sensitive pride would not have satisfied itself with anything less. I pictured such a marriage ceremony as might have taken place in the ruined chapel of the court, the wind moaning, as it had a way of doing, melancholy dirges through the broken organ tubes, the dim light lying on the faded banners, marble persons folding marble hands in everlasting saints and martyrs richly prayer, apparelled crowding the windows and emblazoning the light, an owl or two blinking wide-lidded in the dusty chancel, the mice lying close in their holes, while Honoria stood rapt and reverent looking with blind and tender eyes into a low-browed, strong-jawed face, and seeing in it only the familiar trusted features of her hero.

Doubtless the man had been priest as well as bridegroom. Possibly he had read the commination or baptismal service. I was sure it had been all the same to Honoria, whose rapt ears heard but the celestial music of a heavenmade union. Before I had time to speak to her, Honoria broke suddenly into tears.

"Why, Honoria!" I said.

She stopped in her walk and, faced me. She put her two hands on my shoulders. I could see how thin her face was, how drawn about the mouth. But there was light in her eyes.

"Uncle Syfret," she said, tremulously (I was no uncle of hers, but it pleased her so to style me), "there are things wonderful, terrible things going to happen. O, if I might only tell you."

"Are you going to have a new frock, Ria, or a season in town?" I asked.

She shook her head.

"You forget I was seventeer last month."

"And when may these wonders be expected to take place?" I questioned. "And why terrible? Is anybody to be hurt?"

Her mouth quivered at the corners.

"You see it cannot be helped," she said, "some must be killed—not more than are absolutely necessary. Because, in the end, it is to be so much better for the others."

"I suppose you are talking of the rooks? Has the Squire consented, at

last, to have them thinned?"

"The rooks?" she echoed. She turned astonished eyes to me. "Have you not heard? Has the secret been so well kept?"

"So well kept that I had not a notion it existed. Yet I was with your grand-

father yesterday."

"O, he knows nothing," she answered, with an undutiful scorn. "He does not even know the Queen is a usurper."

"Well, as you put it like that, Honoria, I confess I was suffering under the same delusion. Intowhat revolutionary treatise have you been dipping?"

She suddenly wrung her hands.

"O, what a work it will be," she cried, distressed. "When even you, who know so much, believe her a lawful queen."

Seeing her take it so to heart, I expressed myself open to conviction. I had always been led to regard the succession as indisputable, but I was not a man of stubborn prejudices.

She shook her head.

"No, I have said enough," she insisted. Nevertheless, she held a finger up and whispered oracularly, "Wait until Christmas eve, uncle."

"I suppose I have no alternative," I answered. "But, tell me, Ria, are these wonderful and terrible things of such a nature that one should insure his life?"

"O, why will you laugh?" she cried, distressed, "when it is all so real."

I remembered a number of former distresses that had been so real, starting from the time when, at eight years old, I found her without shoes or stockings, and wearing little but a ragged petticoat, leaving home with her grandfather's walking-stick in hand, and a burden on her shivering shoulders, to find the Slough of Despond, Great-Heart, and the Little Wicket-Gate.

"You know I would serve you in any way. But, tell me, have you no trouble outside this which concerns itself with

usurping queens?"

In a moment her attitude changed. She lifted a shining face; her eyes were lambent.

"No," she said, "beyond that there is nothing but a great joy."

She laid a hand wistfully on mine.

"Uncle Syfret," she said, shyly, "do you know I am ever so sorry for any man I like because God did not will that he should be a woman."

Poor Honoria! She was but seven-

teen

CHAPTER III.

FOR some months the ghosts at the Court had been lively. It would appear they were holding high revel. late into the morning lights were seen burning in the windows; indeed, on more than one occasion they had been overtaken by the milkman, therein registering a sad anachronism. Footsteps were not only heard in the garden, but were traced there next morning, and apparitions which had not been known to put their heads outside the door for years were observed one midnight filing mysteriously out of the shrubbery. gardener's boy had even overheard remarks let fall by an armoured gentleman he afterwards identified in the picture-gallery—a gentleman in breastplate, full-bottomed wig, and lace cravat —remarks which were somewhat more

fin-de-siècle than befitted his period and dignity.

"Burn yer blooming soul," he was reported to have blustered, with a distinctness beyond dispute, "d'yer think I'd stir my bloomin' boots ef it wasn't for the tin?"

The sentiment I could not deny as one common to all ages, but the language wherein it was stated did not appeal to me as characteristic of a Seventeenth Century magnate. I dismissed the gardener's hopeful, therefore, as a person on whose word it would be insecure to build history, though there were some who staked their reputations on it. Servants began to leave, and that at a moment's notice. One young woman left in sore dudgeon, declaring that she kept company with a respectable grocer,



" AS ONLY A DEAD MAN LIES"

and she wasn't going to be kissed round corners—gentlemen or no gentlemen, ghosts or no ghosts—by wicked fellows, who ought to be laying like other decent corpses in their coffins." Everybody predicted that "something was about to happen," else why all this post-mortem activity. In former times the manifestations had been rare, and more or less retiring, now they showed a lively disposition to turn the living out of house and home.

I strolled out late one evening. If there were truly things to be seen—
The snow made a sort of drab twilight of a moonless night. The Court, with its broad low façade and spread wings, lay like an eyeless creature, crouching in

the shelter of tall trees. Not a light was to be seen. Even the west wing, which stretched out from the main building and climbed a slope—the wing reputed to be the head-quarters of the trouble—was as dark and silent as the rest. I went in at the main gateway, and strolled in the direction of that western wing. As I went round its outer curve, I discovered that my first impression of desertion had been wrong. There was certainly a light burning; a curtain caught up at one corner of a window disclosed a triangular glare. I threw my cigar away. my shoes off-the thing had grown interesting. I stole in my stockinged feet towards the window.

Having looked in, it is possible I rubbed my eyes; one does in such cases. Certainly there was cause enough for rubbing eyes, for nobody would have expected to come upon a scene out of Madame Tussaud's, or a charade, at that hour of night in the house of a crustacean neighbour. Side by side on a raised dais sat two crowned figures, one male the other female, round them a group of courtiers, dressed in shining armour and rich stuffs. The crowned woman was of girlish figure, and her robe of ermine-bordered velvet fell over her young shoulders as though she shrank inside its pretentious dignity. Her face was turned away, but the light made a slender shadow of a girlish cheek. The man beside her was of heavy build. His crown, and a mass of curls falling just short of his shoulders, hid his features. All I could distinguish was the bend of an iron jaw. He held a staff in one hand, and from time to time pointed his remarks with it. . The crowned woman kept her face turned toward him, the anxious outline of her cheek lifting itself to him in a wistful curve out of a veil of silver tissue. The courtiers stood in a circle on the lower plane of the floor, their profiles to me. The room was brilliantly lighted. The crowned man seemed to be speaking at length. Some uneasy impulse stirred in me to see the woman's face. I moved towards another window; my foot caught, I tripped headlong. As I fell, I thought I heard the distant ripple of a bell. When I stood up again the scene had vanished. On the other side of the window was abysmal blackness. King, queen, and courtiers had passed like a flash of lightning; where there had been a brilliant illumination now there was no glimmer of light.

I waited for an hour with my eyes against the window-pane. I might have spared myself the trouble, not a sound nor sight was vouchsafed me. Then I put on my shoes and went home. Had I seen ghosts? Who were the crowned personages? who the

courtiers?

A memory came back—I had scarcely noticed it at the time—but it came back with farcical insistence. One of the courtiers during the king's address had bent his head towards a neighbour, and ierked over his shoulder a thumb of derision in the direction of the velvet-robed At the same time a plume of his jewelled cap had caught in a brooch on his fellow's shoulder. Immediately his curls were twisted awry; a momentary glimpse of a close-cropped crown put a new complexion on his features. those days, possibly, there were cockney cut-throats; in those days, doubtless, men wore artificial love-locks. was a bit of realism that excited my Who, then, was the girl? Something in the lifted outline of the cheek perturbed me. I determined to put the matter into other hands.

CHAPTER IV.

"IF you please your lordship, I am sorry to disturb your lordship's breakfast, but the gentleman who dined with you last night has been found murdered at the Court."

I did not finish my second cutlet. In less time than that would have taken I had joined a knot of men who stood grouped about something lying in the snow before the western wing. The news was more true than most news. McEwan—a smart young fellow I had set upon the enigma of the Court—lay huddled in an area of trampled snow as only a dead man lies. It was a ghastly spectacle: he had been literally kicked to death. In one hand was the revolver I had given him the previous evening. Two of its charges had been fired, apparently to some pur-

pose, for some twenty feet from him the snow was disturbed again, and showed a patch and trail of blood. Somebody reported having heard shots fired during

the night.

The squire was dragged from his study, whence he came sidling and reluctant. He could not see, he said, what use his presence served. The man was obviously dead; it was a case for the police. Meanwhile proofs of *Pantheistic Man* lay uncorrected in his study. He gave up the keys of the house with peevish eagerness. We might search the west wing certainly, and the east wing, and the main building. The whole place was free to us to come and go so long as we did not invade the library or meddle with his theological section.

The west wing showed suspicious signs of occupation. For years the door between it and the rest of the house had been locked and bolted, neither servants nor members of the family being known to enter it; yet the dust of the floors showed prints of heavy boots, such boots as those that had done poor McEwan to death; and the furniture was brushed bright in parts from recent use. The key of the door, but only I knew this, was in Honoria's possession. To all my questions she turned only a white, horrorstricken silence. "It had to be," she said, and "Wait until Christmas eve."

After much fruitless investigation, the crime was laid to the already heavy account of a local gang of poachers, and the police directed their energies accordingly. For a while the west wing lost its evil name, the lights and sounds had

vanished.

One evening I received a note from Honoria. It was written in an agitated hand, and preferred a request. I should have regarded it as singular from any other than this girl. But anything in Honoria that was not singular, would have been singular in Honoria. sent me a case of rings and her little pearl-set watch, and begged that I would lend her a few thousand pounds. Knowing Honoria, the request surprised me. The rings and watch at the most were not worth two hundred. I was acquainted with Honoria's jewel-case. It had been well if somewhat venerably stocked; and the fact that Honoria, poor child, had sent me so little security for my money was evidence enough that these slender possessions were all that remained to her, During this time I had done my utmost to obtain her confidence; but she kept her secret with all the fond tenacity of woman shielding man.

I answered her note in person. The facts looked serious. She was sitting in the little morning-room, her face buried in her hands. I was shocked indeed to see her, she was so white and wan. Poor Honoria! I wondered if she still wasted sympathy on men because they were not

women.

"It is so kind of you," she said, starting up. "I knew you would not

sav no"

"Business with men is a serious matter," I answered, taking her hands; "and one needs some security for thousands of pounds, my dear."

She looked up helplessly into my face. "The watch and rings are not enough?"

"Well, you avaricious young person, you have plenty more. I will take, for example, your emerald necklet."

She turned her face away. Her hand

trembled in mine.

" No," she faltered.

"No?" I repeated. "Your set of rubies and your amethyst and silver belt, then."

She shook her averted head.

"And what do you mean by a few thousand pounds, Ria. It is vague for a business transaction?"

"You could not spare more than four?"

she questioned, searching my face.

"Four thousand pounds is a good deal of money. I must certainly have the emerald necklet and the diamond crescent."

"The one you gave me, godfather?"

"The same, godchild." Her face lighted up.

"I have that," she cried; "I would not part with that." She hurried from the room. After some minutes she returned, with a bewildered look.

"I cannot find it anywhere," she said; "yet I know I must have it somewhere.

I wore it last night."

"Why, where were you last night, Miss Cinderella?"

She hung her head.

"That is one of the things I may not

tell you."

"Honoria," I insisted, "you must. I must know what you want this money for, and what you have done with your jewels."

She lifted her face; it was beautiful

with light.

"Godfather," she said, "it is such a noble cause."

"It appears to be an expensive one, at any rate. You must tell me about it. Who is the man?"

The blood mounted to her eyes. "Who told you?" she faltered.

Who told me! Did any person out of a nursery need telling.

"You wear a wedding-ring, my dear."
"Yes," she said, simply: "It is true, I

am married."

I questioned her about him. She scarcely heard me: her mind was away.

"Godfather," she said, when I had done, "have you ever known a man who was as handsome as—as no other man ever was before, and as brave and as

true"—her voice broke—"and as tender as a woman, and full of noble aims, and generous and reverent, and yet could be gallant, and clever, and gay——"

Description failed her, she broke off suddenly, and stretched two wistful palms to something invisible to me.

"No, my dear," I answered, when her

eyes came questioning to my face, "I have never known such a man."

"O, but there is one," she cried, "there is one."

"What," I queried, "the man who has your jewels?"

She looked at me, then cried out in laughter, that was more than one part tears:

"Why, godfather, did you think he took them for himself?"

"I thought so, Ria."

There were laughter and tenderness together in her eyes.

"O!" she whispered, "you do not know the man I mean."

I thought I should like to. I am not normally violent, but neither am I unintermittently normal.

"Ria," I insisted, "you must tell me what has been done with your jewels, and for what you want this money; if not, I must go to your grandfather."

"Not to-night?" she said, catching her breath.

"Not to-night, of course," I rejoined. "It is too late to-night,"

She breathed more freely.

"You shall know before long," she said. I could learn nothing more, and left her. It is needless to say I left her still without those thousands.

CHAPTER V.

HAVING time on my hands and business with him, I drove to my lawyer. After business we got upon a bottle of

port, so that it was nearly midnight when I drove home by Dean's Court. As we turned the corner there was a crevice of light showing in a window of the western wing.

I pulled the check rein.

"I shall walk the rest of the way," I told the men. "By the bye, if I do not



"THEIR FACES LOOKED GREEN"

turn up in a couple of hours, come up, half-a-dozen of you, to the west wing of the Court."

In the moonlight their faces looked green. I believe for a moment it occurred to them to restrain me forcibly; but I plunged through the hedge and into the darkness.

It appeared that my curiosity was to be unrewarded, for the streak of light

admitted nothing more to my view than a portion of brilliantly illuminated

ceiling.

I went cautiously — my mind on McEwan—the round of the windows. In the last a top pane was broken. could hear though I could not see. At first there was merely a confused murmur to be made out, but by and bye it resolved itself into connected speech.

"If it please your Royal Highness," an obsequious voice said, "the latest despatches from France inform us of delay. Nothing can be done until her Royal Highness has handed over the money promised. In the event of her Royal Highness being unable to procure the sum stated in coin, it is known that there are valuable services of gold and silver plate, and various works of art in the strong-room of the Court, which would do equally well. Her Majesty has but to hand the keys to me, and all will be arranged."

There was dead silence, you might have heard a pin drop. Then a woman's

voice broke out, distressed:

"Charles, dear, O! I can't do that.

You know I can't do that.'

There was a longer silence. Then a man said, gruffly, "It's our last chance. We can't do anything without the money,

Another pause, then a sobbing whisper: "Charles, dear, you know I cannot do that. They are not mine."

"You hear what she says," the man

pronounced sullenly.

A horrible, hoarse murmuring uprose. At the same time half-a-dozen fellows

sprang heavily to their feet.

"Force her," was shouted. "Tommy rot." "How'd she like her throat cut, or be kicked?" "D' she think we're going to be done out of it?" "Curse'er for a fool."

The strong voice rolled out:

"Silence there! Silence, or I swear I'll put a dozen bullets among you."

There was a terrified girlish cry.

"Silence you fools," the voice insisted,

in a lower key.

At that moment I thanked Providence for the brute force of the jaws it issued from. "We'll pull round yet. The coin will pass in America." The tones rose again, and took on an unreal bombast: "The cause gains daily. We have but to strike one blow, and victory is ours."

He was greeted with hoarse laughter.

"O! blow the cause. This ain't any

time for play-acting.'

"Cussed if it is," another said; "there's been a dashed deal too much time

wasted on it a'ready."

The protest was taken up. was a sudden trampling of feet as of an uprising of violent men. In my eagerness to see I had nearly broken a windowpane. I thought timely of McEwan. Above the trampling and roar I heard the click of a revolver. There was silence again. Then the same voice said, in tones of suppressed rage:

"I swear before God I'll put a bullet through the next man who speaks."

The silence broke once more into murmuring, this time the murmur of subjection.

"Our further councils," the strong voice said, "will be best conducted with-

out the presence of the queen."

The cry of a half-caught sob swept like the wailing of a harp across the

murmuring.

The man's voice lowered: "Yes, you must go, Ria, I can manage them better by myself."

"Charles, Charles!" she pleaded.

"Room there for the queen," he shouted. "The queen leaves the council-chamber."

"O, no she don't!" a fellow said. heard him take two steps across the floor; but he stopped short. I imagine he thought better of it. Again I thanked Providence for the iron in that jaw.

"Blest if she ain't agoin' to kiss 'im in front of us all," one chuckled brutally

close up against the window.

"She's ony a puttin' 'er 'and on 'is arm to see he ain't made out o' air or sky, or a bit o' blooming 'eaven," another said, sardonically.

There was a rustle of garments, then

a girl cried, falteringly:

"Friends! you would never harm your

The obsequious voice that had first spoken replied, ironically:

"Madame, our king is as the apple of

our eye."

A door closed—there was a moment's Then the obsequious voice silence. changed to an extremely bullying one.

"Now, then, Squance, chuck the Adelphi, and don't waste any more time. Perhaps you'll give us your kingly plans?"

"I will," the other answered, coolly. "It's every man for himself, and the devil take the fool who's fool enough to be taken."

There was a rush of feet.

"Keep off," he cried. "If I fire it will bring the police. The place is thick with them—McFerret brought a trainful down to-night. As it is, you'll find it precious hard to get away."

"We've got that bit o' bizness to do first," was shouted, brutally. "Keys or no keys, we ain't agoin' before we've lifted every brass farthin's worth in the house."

"No, that I swear you shan't," Squance said; "I'll set the cops on you myself first."

There was a hoarse roar. Then he

shouted, violently:

"Sykes, I'll shoot you like a dog if you lay hands on that door."

Immediately the place was pande-There were scuffling and monium. trampling of brutal feet. There was the dull sound of blow meeting blow. The air was thick with horrible cries, and more horrible curses. A sudden blackness where the triangular glare between the window-frame and curtain had been showed that the lights had gone out. Inside there was to be heard the hoarse muttering and gasping breath as of men tearing one another limb from limb. Then a blinding flash, and two pairs of hands grappled down upon my shoulders. Before I had time to turn I four I myself in handcuffs.

"We're thirty strong, and you'd best come quiet, mate," a rough voice blurted in my ear.

CHAPTER VI.

I STOOD in the snow for an hour, my hands linked together, a man with a bludgeon standing over me.

"You may be Lord Syfit, for all I cares," he said, uncivilly; "but you're along o' Gentleman Squance's gang o' coiners, and I guess you're in for fourteen

year."

I was glad when my numbed limbs were presently trotted into the interior of the western wing. At a table, showing an exultant, if an unpleasant face, McFerret sat. Round him were officers and prisoners in various stages of dilapidation. On the floor great clots of blood and dust, overturned furniture and torn upholstery showed how violent a struggle there had been. In one corner a man lay dead.

As I entered by one door Honoria entered by another. Honoria in a trailing dressing-gown that showed her pitiful condition, her long hair falling disordered about her. Her face wore a curious stricken look—its blanched whiteness throwing up her terror-darkened eyes. A police-sergeant had her by the arm.

"Is this the woman?" asked McFerret. A mean-faced ruffian started forward. "Thet's 'er, yer worship," he whined.

"'Twas 'er gave us the key.'

The officer in whose custody he was dragged at him savagely. Behind McFerret's back I was pleased to see him grip and shake the wretch. I marked his number—I mentally devoted half a sovereign to his service.

"Mr. McFerret," I began. My constable took me straightway by the collar, while McFerret shouted "Silence!" A second time he shouted it, and the second time he did so I was shaken by the stalwart fool in whose care I was, as though I had been a rat.

"Sir, is he hurt?" Honoria entreated

of the detective.

"I am bound to inform you," the latter rasped, "that anything you say will be

used in evidence against you."

"Only tell me if he is hurt?" she repeated. Her eyes swept the room; they dilated for a moment on the body lying in the corner.

One of the prisoners mumbled, goodnaturedly, and as articulately as a man with a broken jaw may mumble:

"He's got off, ma'am—clean safe."

Her face became illumined.

"Is the battle won?" she faltered.

"We've dropped that king business," the other said, shortly.

Suddenly she bent her ear. She ran towards the door. A constable took her gently by the shoulder.

"Charles," she cried, in a low, piercing voice, "don't come, dear, don't come,

there is danger."

Not a sound had been audible to anyone. An officer darted outside; after a minute he came back, "No one there," he said.

A minute later a man walked into the room; he was ghastly pale, and walked with difficulty. His right arm hung



"I SWEAR TO YOU THAT I AM KING"

broken at his side. Across one cheek a great gash went, and blood had dripped from it on to his collar and shirt. I knew him in a moment for the man with whom I had seen Honoria. It was a strong, bad face, despite its handsomeness. He walked in with a brazen coolness.

Half-a-dozen officers, McFerret among them, started towards him; but Honoria was first, she had her arms about him, her cheek lay pressed against his cut one, where the blood was drying. She was sobbing her heart out in kisses.

"Dearest," she cried, as a soul might cry out for salvation, "tell me that what they say about you is not true. Tell me

you are really a king."

With one clenched fist he parried the officers above her prone head, with his wounded arm he pressed her face down on his chest.

"Before God, Honoria," he cried out, passionately, "I swear to you, as I hope for mercy, that I am the lawful king, and you, my wife, are queen."

"O, thank heaven!" she cried; "my

dear, my dear."

He made a little movement towards his breast.

"Good Lord!" I shouted, "stop

But I was too late. There was a flash and a loud report, one long sob, and a quiver of her clinging frame. Then her arms fell from about his neck, a red stain spread in the side of her white gown.

In a moment a dozen hands were on him—in a moment she was torn out of

his hold.

"Coward!" "Devil!" rose in execration round him. He was buffetted and

roughly handled.

He flung the smoking weapon from him. The mortal hunger of the gaze he sent after it told at what price he had spared her his last bullet. He wiped his dry lips. Then his eyes turned towards her body, where they had laid it on a couch. For one moment Honoria's poet-knight, Prime Minister, looked out of his gashed face.

"Fools!" I heard him mutter, as they handcuffed him, "it is the one decent act of my lite, and I shall, hang for it!"



From Generation to Generation.

THE HOUSE OF PORTLAND.



WIFE OF FIRST EARL



THE FIRST EARL



THE SECOND EARL: CREATED DUKE



THE SECOND DUKE







THE FOURTH DUKE



THE FIFTH DUKE



THE PRESENT DUKE



THE PRESENT DUCHESS
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALICE HUGHES

The Wayside Inn.

WRITTEN BY H. D. LOWRY. ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON.



Y road lay over a barren moorland country high above the sea. At intervals I passed by small plantations of stunted and wind-

torn pines; the mud-walled cottages with their grey thatched roofs were rarer. The early morning had been sufficiently dispiriting; at noon, or a little later, a fine rain was added to the original discomfort of the bitter wind, and long before the winter twilight had fallen I was drenched to the skin and perished with cold. You may imagine, then, the joy with which I perceived in the distance the tall grey tower which overlooks the village of Tresennis, and, soon after, the white-walled houses of the hamlet itself. Never did miles seem longer than the two or three that remained to be traversed, for my horse had turned lame and seemed to share his master's dejection.

Nevertheless, the thought of the welcome which awaited me at The Three Crows gave me no little comfort as I descended towards the village. It was now a good ten years since I was list in these parts; but once I had been frequently a visitor to the region, and I still kept vivid memories of the rubicund and genial landlord, Joshua Penhallow, and of the excellence of his inn. To suffer change is the common lot, and since the majority of changes come about gradually and from day to day, a man is not often forced by surrounding circumstances to consider with what rapidity the few years allotted him are ebbing away. But ten years is a very precipice of time, and I now realised unhappily that The Three Crows might be quite another place than the hostel I remem-It was thus with no slight relief that I took note as I dismounted and gave my horse into the hands of the hostler of the old name still painted upon the weather-worn sign. It struck me, also, that the place was somewhat decayed in the ten years of my absence, as if through a falling away of its ancient Yet I realised that the prosperity. dismal weather and my own fatigue were more than sufficient to account for the impression.

But upon my entry a surprise awaited Instead of Penhallow there came forth to welcome me a man strangely clad in close-fitting black, his height exaggerated by his attire and the remarkable spareness of his figure. His face was clean-shaven, pale and somewhat sunken; he moved with a curious self-consciousness, and mouthed his words most tragically, eking them out with an abundant accompaniment of gesture. He would have seemed more rightly placed in some booth of strolling players than in an honest country inn. Indeed, wet and cold and miserable as I was, I could not but fancy the whole scene of my entry and the welcome he accorded me was less an episode in real life than the opening of some paltry drama, played before invisible spectators. I regarded the dark walls about me, half expecting to find them only painted canvas.

"Good day to you, sir," said the host. "You have had a miserable day for your journey; and I judge you have come far.

" A long ride," I answered, "and a day of the most damnable. I am cold, wet and hungered. I will thank you to have a fire of logs kindled immediately in your best chamber, and as soon as I have put on dry clothing I shall be ready for a meal."

"It shall be done instantly," he said. Then he called a servant and gave her the necessary directions. Once more the whole thing was like a scene out of a play, acted with an artifice much too obvious to please my particular taste.

"It will be well," he continued, turning

to me again. "It will be well to take precautions against the effect of cold and wet. Let me give you a cordial." And then, while I sipped the steaming spirit (and only old Penhallow could have told how cognac of that quality came to this

Cornish inn) we talked a little.

"If it is ten years since you were last in these parts," said my host, "you will perceive changes.' To begin with, a new high road has been made into the West, and the stage-coaches no longer come through Tresennis. That has made a difference to The Three Crows, for with the coaches other traffic has been diverted. Then my father died of an apoplexy six years agone; and soon after that my mother, suddenly grown old, wrote and begged me to come home and take the mastership of the inn. And so, instead of playing tragedy before the King at Bath, I serve yokels with small beer, and for my best customers make two-pennyworth of spirits. For though I was born beneath this roof, and had no need to repaint the old sign when I became its master, I can hardly think myself a native of the place. I was away from it close upon thirty years, during which time I followed the calling of an actor with some small success. The celebrated Mr. — But I shall weary you; at least you will understand how it has come to pass that such an one as I follows such as my father was."

He would have continued, I think, and perhaps given me the particulars of his theatrical triumphs, but at that moment a voice was heard hailing him from without. Looking through the window I beheld a tanned and roughly-clad farmer sitting in the rain upon a shaggy bay

horse.

"Pardon me, sir," said the landlord, and in another moment he also was standing in the rain beneath the creaking sign, talking to the farmer earnestly and with much emphatic gesture. The farmer was stolidly attentive. Presently he rode off, having received his instructions, and as the landlord entered the maid came to announce that my room was made ready.

I put on dry raiment very quickly, and came to the room where food awaited me. The meal prepared was excellent of its kind, and I, moreover, was in a condition to do it perfect justice. I had just swallowed the last mouthful and leaned back in my chair, too well content

with life to move across to the fireside, when the landlord entered again. He made inquiries as to how I had relished my dinner, and then began to talk, with not a little mystery, of another matter.

"Do you happen to be a lover of the drama, sir?" he asked, scrutinising me

curiously.

"Why, yes," I said, "I am a busy man; but a good play, well acted——"

He interrupted. "Precisely, sir; I take your meaning. Now, I believe I am the only actor of the smallest experience that dwells in these parts. But there are times when it is well to put up with the second-rate, since the best is not to be obtained by prayer or price. Moreover, though my company is one made up of the clumsiest amateurs in the world—and clumsiness is ever the mark of your amateur—the play they are to enact is something out of the common, being drama and real life at once."

He paused.

"I do not understand," I said.

"Why, sir," he said, "let me tell you the whole story. This is a miserable day, as befits the anniversary of a most miserable deed. 'Tis a year to-day since a young man of these parts, known and loved of all who met o' nights in the parlour downstairs, was hanged for murder, being indubitably innocent."

"You have proof of that?" I said.

"Proof incontestable: we knew the He had lived for many years, being an orphan from childhood, with an old uncle who occupied a small farm some three miles from Tresennis, on the Tregear Road. One day they quarrelled, and Jim-who had always been looked upon as heir to a nice little bit of property-was forced to set up as a horse-jobber and a cattle-dealer on a capital of about five pounds. Of course, he said wild things about the old man; but that was only natural anger and the foolishness of youth. He meant no ill, or he would have had the sense to be more careful of his words. But every foolish thing he ever said was remembered against him when the old man's housekeeper, returning from the village one night, found him dead in his kitchen, with a great bleeding wound on his poor

"There were a thousand little things against him. He had been seen in the neighbourhood of the farm about the time of the murder, and the evidence of

Dusha Carnell, his 'shiner,' as she would call herself, only tended to make matters worse for him. She swore that he had come there courting her, and was with her until long after the hour at which the body was discovered; but 'twas well known that his courting of Dusha, the child of parents poor, and none too

honest, had been the cause of all the trouble. So you may say, in a manner of speaking, that Dusha helped to hang him. For hanged he was, this day twelvemonth. And yet the man was innocent as I am."

"But," I said, "surely, if he was innocent, some other man must now be doubly guilty. Have you any suspicion? Was there any other person who had a grudge against the old man, or might expect to profit by his death?"

The air of mystery deepened on the landlord's face.

"Suspicion? It were a pity if a whole countryside did not get beyond suspicion in the space of a twelvemonth! Murder will out, and this man has murdered two or. indeed, three; for it would be better for Dusha if she were dead than as she is. But to finish my story: all the property went to another nephew of the old man's, a cousin of him that was hanged. He is a farmer of these parts,

and comes in here most evenings. He is also a member of my company—the very centre of the play—though he does not know it."

"Well," I said, "you have raised my curiosity to a monstrous pitch, though I protest I have no conception of your meaning. I would much like to see this play."

The actor drew a heavy silver watch from his pocket.

"It is now a trifle after four," he said.
"There are many preparations to be made, and my company should be assembling now. So I would suggest you should amuse yourself with pipe and glass until a few minutes after six, and



"THE ACTOR DREW A HEAVY SILVER WATCH FROM HIS POCKET"

then come down casually to the parlour below. Take a seat by the fire, and behave exactly as you would have done if I had told you nothing of the murder, nor promised you some hours at the play. You will see that my promise is kept."

He turned to go. Reaching the door, he turned back and spoke in an eerie whisper.

"I should have told you that the man hanged for this murder—Dick Vivian—had one strange thing about him: do what he would he could not keep from smiling. It was no more a thing that he could alter than if it had been the scar of an old cut on his face or a wart on the back of his hand. All the time that they were trying him he smiled the same smile; he stood in the dark court smiling, with a terrible white face, while the jury were discussing the verdict; nor did his face change when they came back and the Judge sentenced him to be hanged. No doubt he lies in his grave

smiling the same awful smile. . . . And now I would ask you once again to behave just like an ordinary visitor, taking things as you find them, without doubt or question." And upon that he was gone—dramatically.

For a few moments the mystery which hung about his words—and especially his picture of the dead man horribly smiling in his dishonoured grave—impressed me despite myself. Then I laughed aloud.

"Good Lord!" I cried. "To think old Joshua should be the father of a son so crazy!"

H.

I HAD but imperfectly realised, while the histrion still talked with me, how strangely incoherent was the story he told. I gathered vaguely that certain people of the neighbourhood shared his belief in the innocence of the man who had been hanged for the murder; and, moreover, that they were agreed in suspecting some other person of having committed the crime. But beyond this his talk seemed utter foolishness and void of meaning, as I reflected upon it sitting in the ruddy blaze of the wood fire.

Presently I put the thought of it away from me, and proceeded to consider certain points in connection with the business of importance which had brought me into the country. For on the morrow I should reach the end of my journey, arriving at Tallywarn. Finally I fell into a doze, being greatly tired; and was only awakened by the sound of the tall clock outside my door striking the hour of six. It was the time at which I had pledged myself to go down to the public room of the inn.

I lit another pipe, and descended the creaking stairs, groping about in the dark until I had found the door.

The parlour of the inn was low-ceiled, and very sparely furnished; the old oak wainscotting gave it a singular darkness. Moreover, the lights were notably few in number, and I observed that many of the candles in the candelabra against the walls were now unlighted, although half-burned. An oaken settle stood on either side of the great hearth, and a delicious fragrance of peat smoke blew out into the room as I opened the door and entered.

The landlord stood in front of the fire,

a hand upon the great overhanging mantel; his curiously gaunt and grim appearance struck me again as he turned from conversation with a man who sat in a dark corner of the settle. The dress of the stranger seemed to suggest that he followed the calling of farmer, but I could make nothing of his features.

"A traveller in your Cornish wildernesses," I said, addressing the landlord,
"does not reach his inn without a conviction that his own company is the
worst in the world. I have brought my
pipe, and would ask permission to drink
a glass in company with you and your
guests."

"Indeed, sir," he answered, with a theatrical bow, "I can assure you of a welcome. Doubtless you carry the latest London news at your tongue's end. Let me introduce this gentleman, Mr. Jim Vivian, one who can sing a song or tell a story with the best on ordinary nights, though to-day (if I may venture to make his excuses) you can scarce expect him to be gay. He had some connection with the story I told you; it was his uncle that was murdered, and poor Dick Vivian was his cousin. Naturally his spirits are not of the best to-night."

I thought the manner of this introduction singularly maladroit.

"I sympathise with Mr. Vivian," I said at last. "I understand the young man suffered for the wickedness of another. I can fancy his friends have heavy hearts to-night."

"Aye," said Penhallow, interposing.

"But theirs are pleasant thoughts to his who did the murder. Murder will out, and every murderer knows it in his heart."



"THE COMPANY SAT WATCHING HIM"

The man on the settle had not yet spoken. Now he cleared his throat, and leaned forward slightly. I perceived that his sallow face was dull, inert, stupid. He spoke with clumsy slowness, and (as I thought) unwillingly.

"Aye," he said, "'tis a whisht thing to think upon. I can't fancy the poor dear fellow done it. And yet—— The proof

they brought-"

The landlord shot a meaning glance at

me as he broke in:

"Proof!" he cried impatiently. "The lad's nature was proof enough to me and to all others that ever knew him. I'd as soon believe you did it yourself and let

him hang for you."

He turned away and proceeded to snuff the candles. Once more I observed how few in number they were, and what shadows hung in the corners of the room. At this moment a man came heavily down the slate-paved passage, spoke in a big, cheery, animal voice to someone who passed him, then fumbled at the latch and entered. He was a man tall and gigantically stout, having a threedays' beard upon his chin, projecting jaws, and on the upper lip a narrow black moustache. He glanced about the room.

"Good evening, Joshua," he said to Then, after a searching the landlord. glance in the direction of the settle: "Evening, Mr. Vivian! Evening sir! I'll take a little small drop o' gin, Joshua -just what I do belong to have. Or, come to think upon it, you might tip the bottle a bit higher than usual—this weather do take the heart out of a man."

He sat down beside a polished table, laying a great fleshy arm upon it and

drumming with his fingers.

"A miserable day, sure enough!" he exclaimed. He ceased, and sat drumming on the table with his fingers. And suddenly, after a brief interval of silence, I realised that the man who sat on the settle was intently watching the new-

comer out of his obscure corner.

I also regarded him more closely than I had done hitherto, and immediately a great surprise came over me, not unmingled with disgust. There was something grossly unnatural—as I must call it—in his features. In a moment I perceived that his face possessed that very peculiarity which had been spoken of by Penhallow as characteristic of the face of the man hanged for the murder. And the effect was horrible-obscene-because of its manifest incongruity with the rest of the features.

The silence, broken only by the sound of drumming fingers, began to grow painful beyond expression. Then we heard the landlord welcoming someone in the passage, and the two entered together, Penhallow carrying the liquor which had been ordered. The newcomer was rather below the middle height, and somewhat slightly built. He had a pale face, dark hair a little touched with greyness, and a light black beard and moustache. He moved and spoke with a notable quietness and amenity, but his brown eyes bespoke him a person singularly observant.

"Wish 'ee good evening, gentlemen," he said. "Well, John," addressing the man who had preceded him, "how are

'ee gettin' on?"

"Aw," said the other, looking up, and taking his glass from the landlord. "Same as usual, I believe: just draggin' along. The fact is, I haven' had no peace to-day for thinking 'pon poor Dick Vivian. 'Tis a year to-day since he

was hanged."

" Aye," said the new-comer, " I thought pon that as I came across the moor in wind and rain." And with the words he seated himself, the dim light of the candles so falling upon his face as to show to the man on the settle that he also carried that horrible contortion of the features. Looking from him to his companion I could have fancied the fixed smile was in one of the twain a dreadful affliction, on the other a ribald mockery. Yet on both faces the smile was repulsive mainly by reason of its aggressive unnaturalness.

There was a long, tense silence. heard the man who crouched in the dark corner of the settle draw in his breath with a kind of sob. And immediately another guest entered: the farmer whom I had seen conversing with the landlord outside the inn a few hours

earlier.

"Gin! gin!" he shouted with a coarse hilarity. "I'm streamin', leakin'; 'tis a night to drown gulls. I shall catch my death if thee doesn' look sharp, Joshua."

He also took a seat—avoiding the comfortable settle as the others had done, and again upon the tanned coarse face I saw that horrid smile. The other two sought to converse with him in more or less natural tones, while the

landlord hurried to discharge his order; but I began to see the drift of the "play" which had been spoken of, and a great pity filled me for the man who sat near me, concealed in the black shadow of the settle. There are things the worst man should not be made to endure. I felt, rather than heard or

saw, that he already suffered an agony of fear; and I had my misgivings as to the nature of the unrehearsed finale which should end this ghastly mas-

querade.

The landlord returned, and with him came the rest of his grim company: some half-adozen men, all rude and utterly uncultured, and having all that hideous contortion of the features which had distinguished the man who had been hanged a year before. Some acted moderately well, ignoring the strangeness of the occasion; some did but clumsily, so that a child might have seen their attempt at every-day behaviour was but a disguise. But they had been waiting about the premises for some

hours, and all were primed with drink, so that presently a dreadful merriment began among them. But

amid the noise and tumult, the grim black figure of Penhallow moved unceasingly, and my thoughts were all of the man's agony who sat opposite me.

Once or twice one or another addressed me and I made shift to answer. But for the most part I was only a spectator of this horrid play. And the man Vivian sat in his dark corner, a shadowy inscrutable figure.

Presently when the mad noise had reached its highest I observed with a sudden wonder that Penhallow had disappeared from the midst of his unholy crowd. There was an immediate change



"HE SPRANG TO HIS FEET AND STRUCK HIM IN THE FACE"

in their behaviour, for they missed his horrid direction. Moreover, they had in some sort rehearsed the play so far as this, but they were now come to the part which it had been impossible to rehearse, and, despite the excitation of the drink, were dumbfounded and abashed. The dark and shadowy room was like a stage

crowded with actors who had forgotten the cue and lacked a prompter.

One or two found courage to utter iests of the coarsest, but the rest were in no mood for laughter, and soon all were infected with the same clumsy fear. For several minutes no one spoke. I could hear the man on the settle breathing hard, as if Fear had verily taken to itself a hand of flesh and bone and clutched him by the throat. The company sat watching him, that horrible fixed smile upon each pallid face. I also watched him, and every moment was myself more and more oppressed with the fear which was maddening him.

Dead silence reigned throughout the room. Outside the rain dripped from the caves, and the wind beat against the windows, shaking them with a vain, petulant passion. Once a dog howled, and desisted. like a thing frightened; once a door slammed in the great empty yard. Then the door opened to admit a new-comer.

I turned with a sudden tremor. The man who came into the room was evidently no other than the landlord, Joshua Penhallow. But his close-fitting black clothes were abandoned for the attire of a well-to-do farmer, and there were other changes in his face besides that fixed appearance of a smile. The company started to their feet. Only the man on the settle still crouched in shadow.

Penhallow stood for a moment, his hand upon the door, while the men watched him without a word. His face was working and writhing in a manner altogether ghastly. Suddenly he shut the door behind him and came straight forward to where the man Vivian sat in the shadow. He paused. There was no movement on the part of Vivian. Then he drew himself up and spoke in a sort of unearthly whine.

"Jim!" he said, "Jim! Dost think to go unhanged because a year has gone

by since thy second murder?"

He ceased. There was a long silence. Then, with a most dreadful outbreak of laughter, the man Vivian sprang to his feet and struck him in the face.

"I saw thee hanged!" he screamed. "Dead man! Dead man! Go back!"

In an instant the terrified people had rushed forward to protect Penhallow. But it was not until some minutes had elapsed that the maniac was overmastered; and even when they had bound him he still continued to struggle violently and to rave, declaring that his cousin, a dead man, had no right to trespass upon the domain of the living.

"Dead man! Dead man!" he screamed throughout that awful night. "I saw thee hanged. Go back to the place of

the dead!'





ILLUSTRATED WITH DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS.

N consequence of which Parliament spent some time in consultation about the abolition of Christmas Day, passed orders to that effect, and resolved to sit on the following day, which was commonly called Christmas So runs the Flying Eagle, published December 24, 1652. Truly a grim, sour-visaged Christmas card for honest souls craving for a little jollity and innocent laughter. The picture of the Puritan Parliament meeting in gloomy session as "a terrible remonstrance" against the most cherished of our national festivals proved so depressing that a corrective was needed, and I looked about me to find some corner of modern social life wherein Christmas is still the same mysterious, absorbing and altogether delightful charm that it was in simpler days. Instinctively I turned to the children, who alone have imagination and faith, for the assurance that Christmas is still something real and wonderful, not to be defined in words, but to be lived as a rapturous experience. Innocence and ready belief there must be, but something more is needed before the whole secret of the season is grasped. The languid babyhood of modern luxury and surfeit barely troubles itself to lisp a conventional acknowledgment of still more piles of expensive toys, still more plates of cakes and sweets. The children of the rich patronise Santa Claus; to find him loved and worshipped and believed in we must get lower down, nearer to the

hard lives, the meagre pleasures, the daily denials and sorrows of the children of the poor. Go one step further and add actual bodily suffering to the poverty and cheerlessness of their lives, and you will readily understand that for such as these Christmas is a glimpse of a strange and beautiful world, full of bright colours, good things to eat, lovely gifts for eager little hands, and kindly faces and voices bidding them rejoice. It was in the children's hospitals of London that I found the answer to the Flying Eagle of Right nobly do December 24, 1652. they keep the grand old holiday in these The bonds of splendid institutions. discipline are relaxed; immutable regulations have a knack of becoming pliable; Sisters, nurses, students and outside friends unite to give the children a "good time;" and the patients themselves, many of whom have never known a real Christmas before, while few will equal it in after experience, throw themselves into the unreserved enjoyment of the treat with a wondering delight that rewards tenfold the labour of the preparations. A hasty scamper round some of the principal of the children's hospitals enables me to give you some idea of the way they keep the season. My first visit was to the London Hospital, the great building that fronts the Whitechapel Road, and whose receiving-room for patients is rarely empty. Last year alone the London Hospital treated close on two thousand five hundred children

under twelve years of age. The children's wards are three in number, the "Queen's," the "Beatrice," and the "Buxton." The first two are devoted to surgical cases, while in the "Buxton" the medical cases are attended to. They are children's wards in the true sense of the word, for all the inmates are under

seven years of age, all over that age going into the general wards as ordinary patients. The Sisters are quite ready to talk about Christmas, and not a little proud of the decorations and entertainment for which they are responsible. As is the custom at most hospitals, the great celebration is observed not on the actual day itself, but at some date closely succeeding it—in the case of the London it is generally the Monday after. Christmas Eve, however, begins the festivities in the time-honoured manner. The wards are aglow with cheerful holly and twined evergreens; seasonable mottoes hang above the cots, while at their feet are the children's stockings inviting the benevolent attention of Santa Claus should he happen to pass that way. For days, for weeks, the wards have been astir with subdued excitement—" upside down," as one of the Sisters had it - and dozens of eyes, too often clouded with pain, but now bright with keen interest and vivid anticipations, have watched the comings and goings of nurses and students immersed in projects of portentous mystery. The children have criticised the development of the scheme of decorations and engaged in all manner of speculations on the coming delights. The London Hospital cannot keep a case for more than three months at the outside, so that, unless one of the children happens to have been an inmate during some former Christmas holidays, and is thus qualified to speak with the authority of ex-

perience, the little ones have but a dimidea of what is in store for them. Next morning the reign of the magician begins. The stockings are comfortably swollen with gifts; cards, pictures, and letters lie on the cots; and presently Father Christmas himself, in the convincing form of real flesh and blood, makes a grand tour through the wards, leaving a present

with each child. Special fare is served at meal-time, and the rest of the day is spent in a jealous scrutiny and comparison of the new acquisitions. On the day of the official celebration, when all the staff and friends of the institution unite their forces, the junketings are more elaborate. A huge Christmas-tree



MR. LEOPOLD DE ROTHSCHILD Drawn by John Beer

stands at the head of each ward, a marvel of dazzling splendour. Punch and Judy tell their time-worn story of domestic infelicity; the rocking-horses and other large toys that have found their way towards Whitechapel are placed for the use of those who are well enough to enjoy them; and "Queen's" and "Louise" become the scenes of joyous

children's parties. The seven-to-fourteenyear-olds come down from the general wards to join in the fun and receive their share of the good things that are distri-



buted with no stinting hand. A number

of Jewish children are constantly under the care of the London Hospital, and it is pleasing to know that they are on an equal footing with their companions in the innocent Christmas festivities. Mr. Leopold!de Rothschild, a vice-president and staunch friend of the charity, sends a yearly cheque to be spent specially on toys, and gifts come from numerous other In mentioning presents to hospitals, may I be permitted a moment's digression? O you well-meaning but thoughtless persons who send worn-out, broken, useless rubbish, carriage unpaid, what good do you think you are doing? Why should the little sufferer be grateful for the sweepings of the nursery cupboard that your own healthy children will not look at? They are sensitive and quick to reason, these little ones, and rightly ask what virtue there is in a windmill whose sails will not go round or a headless doll—unless, indeed, they have themselves been the executioners. Hospital secretaries know these things, and

great would be your pious horror if you dreamed of the bonfires to which your refuse of toydom is destined. again, good people, and send the poor, sick children something really worth the having. One word more. Be careful how you pack your benevolences. Only the other day I came to hear of a magnificent hamper of fruit and vegetables that reached one of the great hospitals from a Harvest Festival. the bottom were bunches of superb grapes, on them rested a layer of sturdy apples, and on the top of all daintily reposed three or four pumpkins! The condition of that hamper would have melted the heart of a Spanish Customs officer. We will return to our sheep.

The Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, is known as the " Mother of Children's Hospitals." Starting life in 1852 with twenty beds, it has gradually grown, until to-day it can accommodate one hundred and eighty-six patients, and has treated over half-a-million children from first to last. What an army of little victims! Figures like these pull one up sharp. Christmas is well understood in Great Ormond Street. The staff work heartily to ensure the success of the celebrations, and contribute towards the purchase of the trees and deco-Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Labourations. chere's dolls figure prominently among the gifts that are accumulated in the committee-room, and when the time of distribution comes there are few presents more appreciated than the gaily-dressed

doll folk brought together from West End homes by the member for Northampton to gladden the hearts of the poorest of the This inpoor. stitution has a special means of revenue for Christmastide in the "Corney Grain Toy Trust,'



THE MATRON OF THE ALEXANDRA HOSPITAL

formed of the surplus of the sum collected to endow a cot in perpetuity in memory of the man who loved the laughter of children. In addition to the festivities in the wards a concert is given in the out-patients' rooms about this time, to which the out-patients and their friends are invited. This is got up by the medical staff, who rally round them a willing band of amateur performers.

Southwark Bridge is the poor relation among our London bridges. It is ugly, insignificant, and unpopular, but it leads you to the Southwark Bridge Road, where stands the Evelina Hospital for Sick Children. Founded in 1869 by Baron Ferdinand Rothschild, M.P., its president, this institution has sixty-six cots permanently in use, and received seven hundred and eighty-two in-patients

last year. "Christmas Day with us," said the lady superintendent, "is just a family party of the nurses and children. We try to make it as much like a real English home for them as possible. We have seven wards, and a staff of twentyfive nurses and probationers, and the occupants of each ward spend the day among themselves. We decorate the walls slightly with evergreens, and pots of flowers and ferns brighten the scene, but we do not indulge in elaborate adornments. When the children wake in the morning they find their presents, some in their stockings, and some on the boards placed across their cots. Each child has a Christmas letter—they always like letters—and a new sixpence, the gift of a member of the Committee. During the day Santa Claus comes round with his bag, and there is a further distribution. Dinner is the great event of the day, for the children are given chicken and plum pudding. On this day the carving is done in the wards instead of in the kitchen, which, of course, adds to the reality of the feast, and the plum pudding on fire is carried round in the proper way." This

sounds like an ideal Christmas Day, and no wonder the children talk about it for weeks afterwards. The great festival, however, comes a little later—provided that there is not too much fever about. If all is well a grand fête is held, to which friends are invited. Christmas trees, Punch and Judy, and other adorable institutions make a brave show; and those of the patients who are well enough are taken from their cots, and, in the nurses' arms or invalid chairs, gather round the entertainments. At the Evelina

Hospital I came across the "Christmas Fairies," and truly good fairies they seem to be. An association of well-to-do children are banded together under this title of happy omen, each undertaking to buy a toy, dress a doll, or make something for their unfortunate little comrades in hospital. I heard more of the "Christmas Fairies" in my wanderings, and everywhere they are spoken of with gratitude.

Now we will turn our steps—if I have not run you off your feet—towards



arrangements for an Imperial Fête and Fancy Fair to be held in aid of the hospital next year at the gardens of the Röyal Botanic Society in honour of the Longest Reign; but when I murmured "Christmas," he transferred his enthusiasm to the new topic. "We have six wards," said he, "three downstairs for the boys and three upstairs for the girls; and, as each set communicate, we arrange one entertainment for the boys and one for the girls. On the day itself the chief event is the

dinner, at which turkey and plum pudding figure. Decorations? Yes; we try to make the wards as bright and cheerful as possible, especially the girls'."



COMMANDER BLOUNT, R.N. From a photograph by Vernon Kaye, S. Kensington

"With a green flag either side of her And a gold flag overhead"—

I suggested. Captain Blount acquiesced politely; he doubtless recognised the quotation. The great day in Chelsea falls about January 10th, when the hospital is thrown open to all interested in it. Her Royal Highness Princess Louise is a regular visitor on this occasion, and takes great delight in witnessing the amusements provided for the children. The boys have a Punch and Judy show, and the girls a conjuror, and the great trees lent by Messrs Veitch, of Chelsea, are laden with good things. The wards are at all times pretty and cosy, the walls hung with good engravings and portraits of benefactors (notable among them the picture of Prince Edward of York, presented by his mother and placed above the cot founded by public subscription in his name when he was one year old), but decked in their Christmas finery, and filled with the supremely happy children and their loving friends, they present a scene that would have almost induced the sour-hearted Parliament of 1652 to rescind its resolution. There are seventy beds in Chelsea, and "we are generally full up at Christmas time," said Captain Blount, significantly.

One more hospital and my list is

done-not that there are not many others equally deserving, but I am compelled to restrict myself to those that are representative. The Alexandra Hospital for Children with Hip Disease is in Queen Square, Bloomsbury, and, while the sight of any suffering childhood is terrible, I think that the little cots here are the most pathetic of all. The disease in itself is so awful, the pain so great. and process of cure (when cure is vouch-The afflicted mites safed) so tedious. must remain in a recumbent position for months, however slight the case. At first they are strapped to the cots, then allowed to lie outside them, presently moved to a sofa, but an eternity of weary days and nights, an interminable endurance of suffering must pass, before they can get about on crutches, and limp, under the vigilant care of the nurses, into Russell Square and the neighbouring squares, and even sometimes get a glimpse of the bustling life of Oxford Street. Does it seem possible that these maimed, helpless creatures can really enjoy Christmas? Go to Oueen Square and ask them. remembers Christmas?" inquired the matron going round the wards with me. "I do," piped two or three shrill Cockney voices from various cots. These children



MR. STANLRY SMITH
From a photograph by Mauli and Fox

are kept in the Institution as long as there is the least chance of their recovery. "Tell this gentleman what we did," said the matron to a youngster who was

playing draughts with a boy who was able to move about with a crutch, but the youngster was absorbed in the working out of a problem and refused to be lured from it. A tall, handsome lad limped forward and gave me a glowing account of marionettes, conjurors, Punch and Judy, Christmas trees, and other joys, to say nothing of presents and delicacies. The children cannot move very well, even the best of them, so special games have to be devised. Of these the most popular is "Hunting the Thimble." A nurse is turned out of the room, the thimble is solemnly hidden, and it is her task to find it amid the conflicting and confusing advice offered by the patients. I was invited to play this fascinating game by a little fellow, stretched on his back, who was amusing himself with an air balloon, but pleaded other engagements. "Then," said my willing informant, "the fairies come and give us presents; real fairies in cloaks and high hats." The matron enlightened me. The fairies live at a neighbouring School, or Academy, or whatever its title may be, for Young Ladies, and happy they must be to think that their kindly visit is remembered and spoken of when the year is far sped. The tall boy had been discharged from the hospital, but came

back, having brought about a return of the disease by climbing gates. "You rascal," said I, severely, "you had better be careful. The fairies do not love boys who climb gates!" It was intended for a little lesson in morality; may I be forgiven if it sounded to him otherwise. The great interview of all was reserved to the last. There is a boy here who is renowned for odd fancies and quaint sayings. He bears a strange name connected with an event in history; we will call him Prestonpans. Alas, there was a disappointment in store. Poor Prestonpans was in pain, and was sobbing quietly in his pillow because the pain was bad. Of all the pitiful things that have saddened my heart in my visit from one children's ward to another the memory of little Prestonpans, stifling his tears in his pillow so that he might not be heard by his comrades in affliction chattering in their cots around him, is the most vivid and will be the last to go. They say that his is a bad case. It is good to think that our London children in hospital are made to feel that Christmas is a lovely, gracious, blessed time, wherein for a while they may forget their sorrows and taste something of the happiness of life. I do hope that Prestonpans will enjoy his Christmas.



The Vicar's Risky Step.

WRITTEN BY LILIAN QUILLER COUCH. ILLUSTRATED BY W. DEWAR.



UTSIDE the Vicarage the snowflakes were floating down in desultory fashion upon an already white world; as if, seeing that the land was satisfactorily decorated for Christmas, they felt they might take their time. Inside the Vicarage, in the darkened diningroom, stood a tall

Christmas-tree in silence and solitude, waiting for the hour which would bring the taper—that magic wand which would touch every point with light, and set its laden branches glittering. Upstairs in the Vicarage nurseries was the commotion and excitement inseparable in such regions from the donning of gorgeous apparel. And in the Vicarage library, before the ruddy fire, and in a soft candlelight, sat the vicar and his wife, resting for an hour between the toils of past and future.

The vicar's wife was pleasant to look upon, and her face was a happy face as seen in the soft light. The vicar, also, was a handsome fellow; and, though his face was now in shadow, his voice was a happy voice when he broke the

"The snow has almost ceased," he remarked, as he lay back in his chair.

Then there was silence again.

"It was a great risk, Tony," said the vicar's wife somewhat absently, and quite irrelevantly. A slow smile crept into her face, and she laid her hand on the arm of the vicar's chair.

"What?" asked the vicar, carelessly.

"The step you took ten years ago,"

she answered, softly.

" It was you who took steps, dearmany," he protested, smiling. But he placed his hand on hers and held it tightly. She withdrew her gaze from the fire for some moments, and looked And the vicar at him with brave eyes. rose and took a faded photograph from the mantelpiece; and together they looked at that, and both fell a-thinking.

Miss Amy Wise was the daughter of the colonel at Aylford. Miss Worldly-Wise they used to call her in the barracks, when old Wise himself was The Worldly-Wise nowhere about. they would call her sometimes. And they respected her accordingly. She had been only three-and-twenty, ten years ago, when the vicar-then curatehad taken the risky step above mentioned; but she knew a thing or two. Indeed, she had known many things for many years by reason of the careful education of her mother. And when the Honourable Tom Terence was first stationed at Aylford—though her hopes certainly rose, and her mind held no doubts of the course to be taken --- she felt no sense of security or sureness, because, you see, she had gone through all that before, and was still Amy Wise —indeed, still Worldly-Wise,

It was on the Christmas Eve when she was two-and-twenty, eleven years before, that Anthony Harle, the curate, proposed to her in the high pew, and that must wait a while, for it was all through the previous summer that things were maturing—coming to a head, so to

speak.

To do Miss Wise justice she had no intention of encouraging the curate. Indeed, she had considered him, by reason of his cloth, perhaps, or the general impecuniosity of curates, to be out of the question—a sort of unaccounted being, and somewhat of the nature of what Cæsar's wife should have been, only in another sense-above suspicion. But Miss Wise, in spite of her worldly wisdom, or, perhaps, because of it, believed in being kind to everybody unless there was need to be otherwise. It is safer to make friends than enemies, if possible, whatever your sex or your station in life; and "being kind" meant, in Miss Wise's opinion, chatter with a savour of flirtation in it more or less adapted to the "other party," when the

went in the direction of the Honourable Tom.

The acquaintance between Miss Wise and the Honourable Tom began at the Wise's first tennis-party that year, to which the colonel had bidden him, at



"HE THOUGHT HER A NICE, GOOD-TEMPERED GIRL."

"other party" was a male, let him be prince or peasant. Such ways came naturally to her after her training; that was the life she lived, and she certainly had no serious thoughts of or for the curate. All her thoughts that summer

Mrs. Wise's instigation; she having made all needful inquiries as to the Honourable Tom's prospects. And the Worldly-Wise began with him the same old grind which she had begun—and ended—so many times before with others, appearing

as fresh and simple and light-hearted as a school-girl. The Honourable Tom took it all very calmly; he thought her a nice, good-tempered girl and an excellent partner at tennis, and when he got back to barracks, and the uninvited and the unresponding among his comrades began to smile amusedly and tell things, he only wondered a little if they were truthful, and felt a trifle surprised at his mistake in the girl if they were; but he certainly was not much interested.

The colonel, however, or Mrs. Wise through the colonel, followed up the acquaintance, and the Honourable Tom, who was of a quiet turn of mind, preferring simple amusements, fell in with their plans, and rather liked doing it, recognising his immunity from danger.

Anthony Harle, the new curate, came to Aylford about the same time; and the colonel liked the look of him, and invited him over for tennis without any prompting from his wife. And Mrs. Wise, who had a liking for plenty of men as decoration to her house and grounds, made no objection.

"He is welcome to come and go all day, if he likes," she remarked, carelessly. "He is not a prig. And a curate is so

useful with some of the girls."

The Honourable Tom was absorbing all Mrs. Wise's attention for the time.

So all through that summer young men and maidens, old beaux and frisky matrons, lived, or squandered, many hours upon the colonel's lawn; and tennis, or croquet, or archery, or strolls about the winding paths, or rests in the shaded corners, and always flirtation,

might be had for the asking.

And the Worldly-Wise smiled, and blushed, and played, and pouted, and sang, and frolicked, all for the entertainment of the Honourable Tom; working decidedly harder than the pale dressmakers who stitched away in the close workrooms at the daring creations in which she decked herself from day to day. But it never occurred to Miss Wise that this was hard work. It was her life, her creed, her quest. She was doing her best to succeed; desperately longing for success, though admitting to herself that the odds looked against it.

Meanwhile, Anthony Harle was imagining her a particularly simple and guileless angel, and had fallen honestly in love with her. And she smiled on him, also, and went on "being kind;"

and the curate's heart was of a large size, and he was yielding it all up to her.

In time, his rector, noting how things were trending with him, tried what the dropping of hints would do: hints of flaws to be found in all mortals in general, and then of flaws to be found in one mortal in particular. He did not say to Harle: "I know how it is with you. Don't be a fool; she is not worth Not that much good would have it." been done if he had. Does that sort of thing ever do good when a man is a But one day the rector tried bringing the conversation round to the subject of Miss Wise herself, remarking, by the way, that he feared she was not an estimable young lady. Anthony Harle felt his blood tingle under his skin, and the old rector suddenly seemed coarse and repellent in his eyes; but he could get no satisfaction, and the rector drifted, purposely, to other subjects, and the curate had no right to make him eat or explain his words.

"Not estimable!" he repeated angrily when back in his own rooms. "Because she does not teach in the Sunday-school, I suppose. God knows I should like to see her there. But, after all, people who teach in Sunday-schools are bound to be in the minority, or there would be few

scholars.'

When the autumn came, and the lawn grew damp, theatricals followed tennis. Small attempts, with the Honourable Tom as first gentleman and the Worldly-Wise as leading lady, the curate winding up the list as "prompter," out of respect to his cloth. Anthony Harle saw no harm in assisting the mumineries. Theatricals were a form of art, or intended to be such, and he did not neglect his parish duties one whit in consequence; and the performances were always for charitable purposes.

So all went well; and even when he watched his angel acting with the Honourable Tom his eyes were not opened. And then, by way of completing the amusement, Miss Wise suggested that they should all be photographed in costume, singly and in groups; and she gaily insisted that their "prompter" must

be photographed also.

"For are you not our mainsail—or sheet anchor—or whatever it is?" she chattered. "At any rate, very useful to us;" and out of her kindness she begged a copy for herself. And Anthony Harle's heart leapt with hope, and he found those evenings a terribly good substitute for Paradise.

But it was at Christmas that he put his fate to the touch—on Christmas Eve, when they were all decorating the church with holly and evergreens and bright texts all about peace and goodwill. The Honourable Tom was there in the church. too-polite and friendly as ever, but no nearer to the passion of love than on the first day of his acquaintance with the Worldly-Wise. And the Worldly-Wise herself, brilliant in a smart red serge gown and a becoming little fur cap, sat in a high pew sewing holly-leaves on to strips of brown paper, and feeling just a trifle weary and out of heart with the quest of the Honourable Tom. Anthony Harle, who sat beside her stripping the leaves from the boughs for her, noted the new expression, and guessing nothing of its origin thought that it gave an added charm to the angel

No one was near their pew. others were mostly grouped about the pulpit, laughing and trying to say smart things with a touch of profanity in them, as suited to the occasion. The Worldly-Wise glanced at them frequently, but felt unequal to stirring herself to resume the old grind just now. She could see the Honourable Tom quite plainly, smiling and talking and helping; but it was some consolation to know that if he were not in love with her he was heartwhole as regarded any of the othersshe knew enough to see that.

Then, all suddenly, her attention came back with a shock to the man at her side. She saw that he was bending towards her with a wonderful look in his eyes, and she heard his voice pleading

"Miss Wise—Amy—I love you. I must tell you that I love you. Amy,

darling, give me some hope.

In her utter amazement the holly wreath slid to the floor, only the unthreaded needle was pinched tightly The curate was between her fingers. looking splendid in his pleading—fine and manly, a lover to be desired. But to Miss Wise the whole thing was startling and preposterous.

"Love me," she gasped; "why, it is ridiculous. How can you?—how can I? -oh! who ever heard of such a thing? I never dreamed of your loving me."

"Why not?" he demanded.

"Oh! I don't know," she faltered. "You were—so useful; curates are She hesitated, for she had no thought-out reason ready. "Aren't you a celibate?" she stammered at last.

He smiled curiously. "I am asking you to be my wife," he remarked. Then, seeing the unresponsiveness in her eyes, his love overcame his manners. He

seized her hands roughly.

"Amy," he cried, in a voice which was yet instinctively subdued, "I love you. I love you so. It is no wild story; it is truth, and it means so much to me. The future would be so awful without your Darling, my love for you must love.

make you love me."

For some moments no words would come to Miss Wise's lips. She looked at Anthony Harle straightly and more sincerely than she had ever looked at any man before. And then a strange emotion passed over her. She had no intention of accepting this man's lovethe idea of him as a husband was out of the question. But the sight of him seemed to give her heart a curious shake, and she seemed to awaken. She had never seen love of this sort before. ineligibles who had offered themselves to her had done so in a half-bantering But this man's love was so manner. wonderful, so sincere, so unaffected; it struck her as if she had been hit with a stick, and yet it softened her strangely; and even while denying him his desire, she was nearer to the angel he had imagined her than ever she had been before.

"Mr. Harle," she said, gently, and she took his hand, and held it with both of her own, "I cannot marry you. I really do not love you; but I am sorrier than I have ever been in my life before." Then she felt afraid that she was going to cry, and she got up quick!y, and hurried away.

Anthony Harle also rose, but slowly, as a stricken man, and walked home, numb with hopelessness. And it was many a day before he realised that he, a curate, had actually chosen a church, a sacred building, in which to plead for his earthly love. But, after all, was he not pleading with an angel?

Oddly enough, that shock, that shake at Miss Wise's heart, did not leave her altogether; she could not forget it.

"What love it was!" she would say to



"AREN'T YOU A CELIBATE?"

herself, wonderingly. "It was not that he said so very much—all that was rather crude; but it was the truth of the man. I never saw anything so wonderful."

And the remembrance of it sobered her. She was not offended at the curate's presumption; she was only distracted and thoughtful; and her quest of the Honourable Tom became more mechanical, and a trifle careless. He was so desperately friendly, she could make no headway. And back in barracks the "eligibles," who had already been through the grind, and had opened their eyes in

time, and the "ineligibles," who had had their eyes opened for them, congratulated the Honourable Tom upon his cautious resistance; while the newest subaltern chafed at what he called the "spiteful gossip," and longed to fight the girl's battles. He was an "ineligible" also, but then he had only known Miss Wise a week.

Before the colonel's lawn was marked for tennis next spring, the quest of the Honourable Tom was over; for he quietly announced his engagement to a girl near his home in the North, a girl whom he had been loving for eighteen months. But that same mood of distraction was still on Miss Wise even as he told her his news. She was not conscious of any feeling of mortification or anguish, or of any bitter blow to her hopes. Indeed, it is to be hoped that she was somewhat absent-minded, for the first words she uttered in answer were decidedly unconventional.

"Won't you be terribly bored?" she

said, dreamily,

And when he did not reply, but stood gazing at her in astonishment, she sud-

denly realised what she had said.

"I beg your pardon a thousand times," she exclaimed with a frank laugh. "I must own I was thinking of someone else." And then she congratulated him correctly. And then she went indoors, and felt rather sorry for her mother. And then she went to her room, and glanced at the row of photographs on the mantelpiece; and when she came to Anthony Harle's face, she looked at it long and curiously. And in a week's time she left home to pay a prolonged round of visits.

It was about Christmas when Miss Wise came back to her home; and she had done a deal of thinking during that time, and she could not understand her-

When she walked into her bedroom after all those months, she felt excited, and went straight to the photograph of Anthony Harle on the mantelpiece, as if she had looked forward to the meeting. And then she paced the floor, and called herself a fool; and then she dressed for dinner, and thought that that epithet was too hard, and really undeserved, and she wondered who had come to the barracks during her absence. But she did not seem good at that sort of wondering, and her thoughts drifted back again, and again she called herself a fool. And then she took the photo in her hands and dashed it on the floor, and turned to go downstairs. And then she went back and picked it up. And then she really did go downstairs, and wondered if she were sickening for anything horrid.

"And how is everyone?" she asked, after the servants had left the room.

They were dining alone, this worldlywise trio.

"Well, to begin with, Tcrence has gone off on leave to get married this Christmas," remarked the colonel, with what his wife considered a strange want of tact.

"A very dull young man," she re-

marked, scornfully.

"One can scarcely judge of the intelligence of a man whose heart is in the other end of England," said the Worldly-Wise, carelessly. "Any changes at the barracks?"

"Yes, a new captain, and some smaller fry in the place of Nugent and the Brooks boys," announced the colonel. "The captain is one of the Martins of

Claythorpe."

"Oh," said Miss Wise.

And then there followed a little silence charged with meaning. And Miss Wise noted her mother's eyes dilate and gleam with interest. And she knew in a moment that this meant the beginning of the grind again. She took it as a matter of course, and vaguely wondered what the new captain would be like, and mentally decided that two or three of those chiffon bodices, after the pattern of the one she had brought back, might be a safe investment.

"And what has become of that curate?" she asked after a while. "Mr. -Mr. Harle, wasn't he called?" Already the disturbing thoughts of him were fading in the contemplation of the quest of a " Martin of Claythorpe."

"Oh, he's here about still," said the colonel. "We're great friends. But he works too hard; tramping all over the parish, and beyond, looking up unhealthy

heathen."

"Your father is quite childish over the curate's loss of colour. I seriously think of keeping sulphur candles on the premises to burn beside him when he comes here."

"Is he visiting infectious parishioners?"

asked Miss Wise, nonchalantly.

"No. I don't know that," said the colonel. "Only the rector leaves him all the long tramps to the far corners of the parish; and on his own account he has come across a small settlement of heathen on the downs, who seem to belong to nobody's care in particular."

But Miss Wise's attention had wandered again from the curate to the comparative charms of chiffon and net.

On Christmas Eve the snow began to come down steadily, freezing as it fell. Miss Wise walked blithely through it again in the interest of the church and Its decoration. But the curate was not there this time; and as she looked about her half-furtively, last year's incident in the high pew seemed quite unreal. And as she chattered, and listened to a deal of flippant gossip of the past months' Aylford doings, her mind became more natural than it had been for a whole year; the repetition of the surroundings seemed to break the spell which had held her since last Christmas Eve; and her plans for her future campaign became more interesting, and she helped to fix the final text, all about Peace and Goodwill.

And on her way home after the work was done, she was introduced to Captain Martin; and, he having already heard of her in barracks, and feeling ready for some amusement, the quest began apace.

Mrs. Wise was sitting over the fire engrossed in a novel, when Miss Wise returned; and the colonel was out. So Miss Wise rang for tea to be brought to her own room, and made her way slowly upstairs, flicking the melted snow from her muff, light-heartedly, as she went. When she reached her room she went straight to her mirror, and stood there criticising her features, separately and as a whole, appraising their worth in the matter of the quest of Captain Martin. And then—

As she turned carelessly towards the wardrobe with a view to appraising, also, the outward adornments which were to act as a set-off to the features, her eyes fell upon the photo of Anthony Harle, standing in half-shadow on the mantelpiece. And then a most marvellous and unaccountable thing happened; and she stood as if outwardly turned to stone. Her throat seemed to be closing over with a fear which was yet not a fear; the blood rushed to her face, and her heart felt as if it were throbbing in her ears, her tembles, across her closing throat, bidding fair to suffocate her and steal her senses. This thing which confronted her was so terrible, yet so enthralling; the girl's very soul seemed to be held in spell. For the face on the mantelpiece seemed to her gaze as a living face; the eyes had followed her as she turned—they were gazing at her now, gleaming, appealing.

She could not turn her gaze from the face; it fascinated her, and held her rigid. Yet she felt no terror, no fright at the unreality, the unearthliness of the

moments through which she was passing. The eyes did not blench as the time went on, they burned and gleamed; and the expression which lay in them was imploring, yearning, as the eyes of one in some desperate need; and they drew the girl's very heart towards them.

And this commonplace girl, in this commonplace room, yielded to the marvellous thing which was staring back at her; and her whole training fell away from her, and she seemed to see her own naked heart, and her real self, stripped of

convention.

"How wonderful! how wonderful!" she whispered, in strange, quick syllables of awe. "I love him, I love him! Oh, how wonderful!"

Her stiff hands began to move, and the fingers clasped themselves together.

"And he wants me," she cried, as life coursed more quickly again. "He is in trouble. I am coming, Anthony, I am coming."

With an effort she withdrew her eves from the imploring face, and turning quickly to the door, ran straight downstairs again, and out into the white

world.

When the maid brought the tea to Miss Wise, she found the room empty. Miss Wise was speeding quickly over the frozen ground; on, on, straight and determined, as if guided by an invisible hand; through the streets of brilliant shops, all holly-decked; past the chattering, bustling purchasers; hearing nothing, seeing nothing, feeling nothing but the great wild ecstasy in her heart as she hurried towards the man who had silently bidden her come, the man whom she loved.

On, still on; past the town, and the light, and the noise; up the steep hill overhung with snow-laden branches; straight on, till she reached the bare, open downs, stretching white, and hard, and desolate, away before her. And the keen air set the blood coursing swiftly in her veins.

"I am coming, I am coming," she

whispered as she sped along.

In her mind there was no idea of destination, no planned search. He had bidden her, and she was going to him over the snowy land, alone and unguided.

The snow had ceased now, and the stars were shining out; and the whole world seemed silent and still, but for the



"LOOKED AT HER CURIOUSLY FOR A MOMENT"

one hurrying figure. At length she turned her course, and, striking away to the right, came to a rough, uneven piece of land, difficult to cross in the uncertain starlight. It was a point where the new railway was to skirt the downs; and the soil rose in mounds and banks; and stones, and planks, and rubbish lay strewn all round about, gently covered and rounded with the layer of frozen snow.

By the side of the unfinished line stood a small iron hut, a temporary toolshed for the use of the navvies. And as she neared this Miss Wise came to a halt, and held her head alert to listen. What she heard above the wild throbbing of her own heart must have satisfied her, for with quick steps she went towards the shed, and, pushing open the door, entered into the darkness.

"Anthony," she cried, softly. "Anthony, I have come to you."

A slight moan fell on her ears, and then a faint voice answered clearly:

"Darling, I called to you, and you have come. Ah, for the sake of Heaven, do not wake me."

"It is no dream, Anthony. I am here. And I love you."

And, kneeling in the darkness for one moment, she stretched her arms to him, and, bending, felt his lips meet hers.

Three times again, upon that snowy night, the worldly-wise daughter of the colonel went to and fro across the downs, bringing help to Anthony Harle. And when at length he lay in the colonel's most comfortable guest chamber, with a delightful drowsiness stealing over him, and a broken leg in splints, Miss Wise came out from the study, and, meeting the colonel in the hall, beckoned him back into the room, and faced him.

"I love that man upstairs," she said, quietly but firmly. "I don't care in the least what mamma says. I am going to go on loving him—although he is

poor."

The colonel looked at her curiously for a moment. Then he answered just as quietly. "The risk is on his side, in my opinion. But he isn't poor."

"Not poor!" exclaimed Miss Wise.

" A curate---"

"No," said the colonel with some dryness. "This one happens to be very well off—in the matter of money. In the matter of limbs he will not have much to boast of if he persists in jumping about over railway cuttings, breaking his bones, and freezing in tool-sheds. But he's a rich man at present."

, It was Miss Wise who looked curiously at the colonel this time, and a queer little smile began to creep into her eyes.

"Did mamma know?" she whispered.

"No, I saw no occasion to mention it," declared the colonel.

And then Miss Wise laughed quite

openly.

But the photo, when she went to her room again, was, as it had ever been

before that night, just a photo.

When Miss Wise met her lover again she strove in all honesty to convince him that she was no angel. But he had already been told that many times by many people, and yet preferred his old beliefs. So he only smiled the incredulity he felt.

"Papa says you run a great risk in

trusting me," she whispered.

But Anthony Harle pointed out that he was a pig-headed fellow, and if she had no objection he'd like to go through with it.

And he did.

"Come, Tom," said the vicar's wife, rousing herself, "we've wasted a whole hour. The children will be here clamouring in a few minutes and I must put on a pretty gown first; and after all," she added, with a half-shy smile quite charming in a matron of such long standing, "it was ten years ago."

The vicar did not say anything, but he laid down that old photograph of himself as "prompter"—and then—the donning of the pretty gown was delayed

a full minute longer.



Ghostly Counsel.

WRITTEN BY CLARENCE ROOK.



HIS is a modest plea on behalf of a decaying industry. The business of haunting. as everyone must admit, is by no means what it was in the days when every ghost had his place and every place of any pretentions had its ghost. By this time the army of the unemployed among disembodied spirits must have reached considerable proportions; nor can we hope that their activity will be distributed among other

trades. A ghost, you will perceive, must haunt, or die. One's heart bleeds for them, honest, hard-working folk as they have been, a little lacking perhaps in invention, and bound in the trammels of tradition, but punctual, regular, diligent and quite harmless. And if fashion is to come to the rescue of the Spitalfields silk trade by wearing silken waistcoats, surely political economy can have no word to say against the kindly propping up of the tottering trade of haunting.

The ghost, I have said, is a conventional being, unwilling to move with the times. Indeed, his methods have not improved or even changed since the days of the Athenian ghost who still makes the flesh of schoolboys to creep as they dig him from the Latin of Pliny in which he is buried. Do you know the story? How a certain house in Athens stood unlet because of the grim stories that were told concerning it. How a certain philosopher, bent on investigation, sat alone in the house one night with candle and book, and heard the sound of dragging chains. How, while the philosopher still read on, a form appeared in the doorway — an old man with long beard and shaggy hair - a

form which advanced and waved its arms, heavy with chains, over the philosopher's head. How the philosopher, who by this time must have required all his philosophy, rose, and, candle in hand, followed the grisly spectre into the courtyard and saw it sink into the earth. And how on the next day they found a heap of bones bound in chains beneath the sod, which, being buried decently, troubled the house no more. There you have the conventional ghost It is especially interesting as showing that the art of haunting has remained unprogressive through centuries of human progress. For within the last few years the same scene has been enacted in a certain country-house in the neighbourhood of Bristol—the phantom figure, the disappearance beneath a flagstone by the hall door, the discovery of bones, the decent burial, and the consequent peace and quietness — every detail was almost precisely the same. Whence it will be seen that the Christian ghost of the nineteenth century is still working upon the traditional lines laid down for haunting by the poor heathen ghost who troubled Athens a couple of thousand years ago. Here, perchance, we may trace one reason of his deca-

Throughout the Middle Ages and well into the present century the ghost was in pretty regular and constant employment, and every competent haunter could reckon on a nightly job from sunset to cock-crow. To the average country house the ghost was as necessary an appendage as the bath-room to the average country house of to-day. Moreover, the ghosts who failed to obtain places in first-rate families could easily find employment in country lanes and village churchyards, and raise gooseflesh upon yokels and servant maids. But with the latter end of the nineteenth century there has come a change. The ghost is no longer in demand. It is not that we are no longer superstitious. We have our fashionable superstitions still. But they

fasten round palmistry, magic crystals and Mahatmas rather than round the good, old-fashioned, hard-working family haunter. It is not, it must be confessed, so much the fault of the ghost, as of the public, which refuses to take the apparition in the proper spirit. When it makes a tentative appearance, as it did at Silverton in the spring, we refuse the appropriate shudder. We send down journalists, who sit and watch with the aid of a dog and a bottle of whisky; and that is obviously not the spirit in which to take an apparition. One can scarcely blame the visitant from another world for refusing to grant an interview to the anonymous and irresponsible newspaper man. Even in fiction the ghost is no longer what it was—the deus ex machind. It would be safe to bet that there will not be a single ghost in the stories which will crowd upon us in the forthcoming Christmas numbers. Mr. Frank Stockton has gone so far as to turn the ghost into comic relief in a famous story, and Mr. W. S. Gilbert has put the ancestral spirits into a comic opera. In the world of ghosts ridicule kills more surely than in France. And if some step be not quickly taken the ghost will follow the dodo, the great auk, and other rare and persecuted specimens to extinction.

Now, to the genuine ghost-lover this is a consummation by no means to be wished. To the story-teller, to whom the ghost is invaluable as a spinner and unraveller of mysteries, its extinction would be a disaster. For the ordinary character of flesh and blood is trammelled by considerations of space and time, to say nothing of such trifles as bolts and bars. You may put your ghost, if you be a story-teller, through a two-foot wall, or convey him in a trice from Land's End to John o' Groats, with no consideration of crowbar or railway fare. own affection for the ghost is Platonic. To me he is simply a rarity which is becoming daily more rare; and for that reason, if for no other, I am anxious to preserve at least a few specimens of his race.

To that end I have made a small collection of ghosts of my own, as the Americans have collected the remnant of the buffalos in Yellowstone Park, and for the same reason: namely, to secure the species from absolute extinction, and in the hope of forming a nucleus for future propagation. In Kensington—in a road which is given over to the omnibus, the hansom, the bicycle, and other prosaic products of the day—I have a small preserve of spirits. If you enter the cellars of that house you will be astonished at the shadowy faces and the gleaming eyes that glare at you from the corners. If you chance to try to open a casual door, you will be surprised to find an intangible opponent pushing in the opposite direction; and as you sit quietly in the drawing-room in the evening, the big folding-doors leading to the dining-room will fly apart, impelled by some unseen agency. If, moreover, you take your courage in both hands and boldly sleep in that house I will guarantee you a fright that will whiten I will not tell you the your hair. precise address; for the true ghost lover is like the true fishermen, and is disinclined to invite the general public to share his knowledge of a quiet spot where a bite is assured. Nor will I be more precise concerning another of my preserves than to confess that it is within an easy walk of Wimbledon. Here you will find a fairly harmless ghost, an old man with a white beard -the veritable descendant of the "senex promisså barbå" of Pliny—who walks aimlessly about the house. The servants give notice, though the old man takes none; but the owners are more philosophical, and are even careful to avoid frightening the ghost away.

But for my favourite ghost I must travel further afield, to a village on the outskirts of Bruges. If you walk in the right direction out of Bruges you will presently come to a sort of family mansion set about with poplar trees. Around the house is a moat, which you cross by a bridge to reach the front door. In the dim light of failing day it is the veritable moated grange in which Mariana pined, a perfect mise-en-scène for a mystery. It was an evening in early autumn when I first by accident set eyes upon it, and found, leaning over its gate, its tenant. He was an Englishman, and seeing that I had lost my way and that a storm was brewing, he invited me to be his guest. I accepted, and liked him so well that he had no difficulty in persuading me to stay to dinner. I was sitting in the deep window seat before dinner, talking to his little daughter and watching the distant lightning, when the child said suddenly, pointing with her finger to the moat:

"Look! There is the boatman again!" I looked. And I saw a man in a boat rowing slowly and laboriously through the stagnant water.

"But it isn't a real boatman, you

know," said the child.

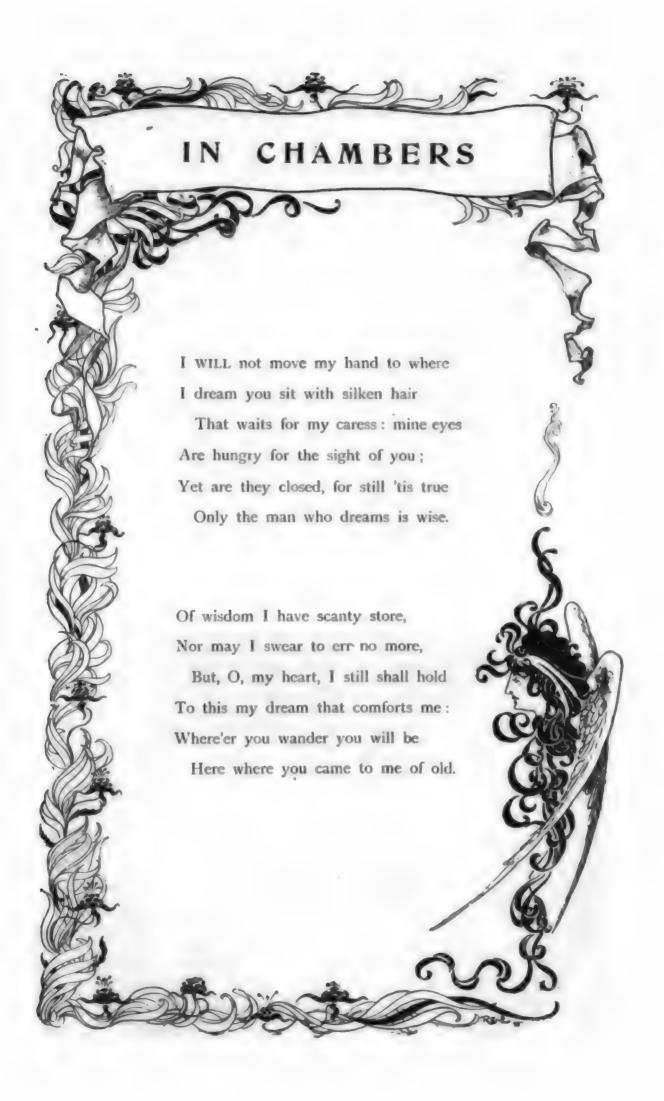
And as he rowed under the window, within a few yards of where I was sitting, I knew, somehow, although he was there before my eyes, that it was no thing of flesh and blood at which I was looking.

I asked my host, when he entered the room, whether he had ever seen it. said that he had, many times; and that his daughter watched for it, without the least fear, every night. But there was not a tradesman in Bruges who would dare to cross that moat after dark. The next day I returned by daylight, and examined the moat. There was no trace of a boat. Moreover, from the unbroken slime and weeds which covered the surface of the stagnant water, it was evident that it had been undisturbed for months. I could trace no story to account for the apparition. But whenever I feel the want of a genuine, unassuming ghost I shall go back to that moated grange and sit in the deep window-seat at nightfall.

But I will countenance no expeditions of the Psychical Research Society. That pounds apiece.

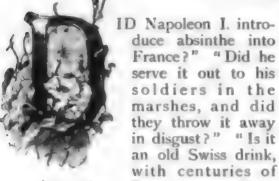
unthinking association of iconoclasts has done enough harm already. We have already driven away the fairies; and it is only the true ghost lover—the col-, lector who takes his ghost in the proper spirit of credulity—who stands in the way of the utter extinction of the oldfashioned ghost. If the misguided energy of research is not curbed, our descendants will scarce believe that there were ever such things on earth at all. We owe it to them to ensure that here and there a specimen shall survive. We owe it, moreover, to the ghosts themselves, who have played no inconspicuous part in the world's history. It were the basest ingratitude to hunt them all back to the underworld, as the sportsman shoots without mercy the last specimen of some rare race of bird. Let the Psychical Research Society have mercy, and leave here and there a few square feet on which the few remaining ghosts may haunt in peace and be happy. Their pleasures are few. And some day, when we have frightened them all away, we may yearn for a story wherewith to make our flesh to creep. For my own part, I am keeping my ghosts to myself in the hope that before long they will be worth a few thousand





The Absinthe Hour in Paris.

WRITTEN BY H. P. HUGH. ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES GREIG-



history?" "Is it—" and so on, so forth. You put these and a dozen other questions to a Frenchman as he sips gently, but he tells you that he does not know—that he is not interested—that information regarding this and many other subjects of importance can be found out by visiting the Bibliothèque Nationale. He dislikes the idea that absinthe has a vulgar history. He prefers to think of it as it treats him—as a something more soothing than Lethe's waters. He favours the idea that it came down direct from the gods.

It is a strange drink. No one has ever tasted it for the first time without a shudder of disgust. With its strong medicated odour, its sickly taste and its uncanny colour, it suggests a nauseous drug more than a beverage. But do not drink it twice if you do not want to understand its fearful fascination. It is more deadly in the long run than opium, and Poe could not describe its domination when its victim is too weak to struggle.

The mode of drinking it is fairly well known. The waiter, with his long flowing apron and his close cropped hair, and with bottle sticking out from under his arms, rushes from one table to another.

"Vous desirez, M'sieu?"

" Absinthe."

He mechanically rattles off: "Pure, with sugar, gum, or citron?"

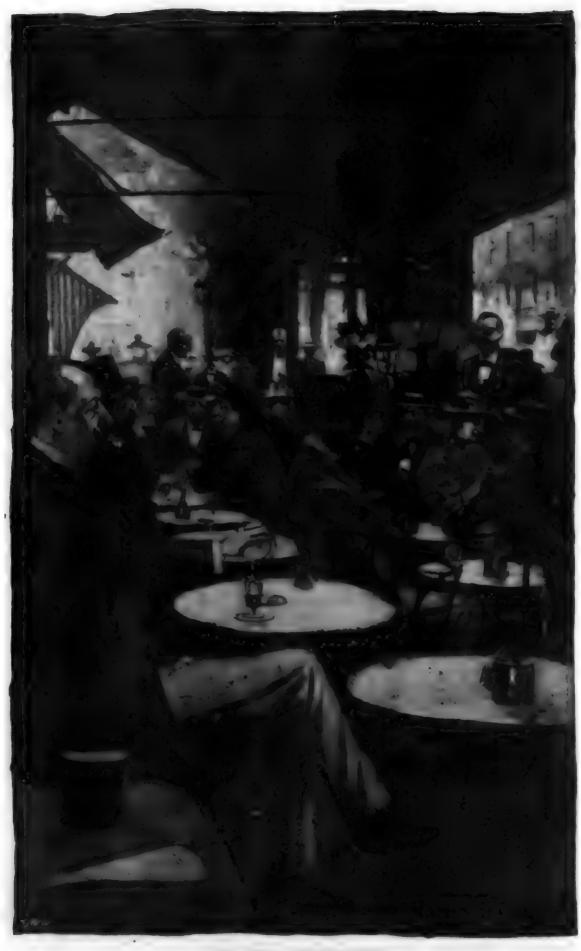
" With sugar."

Then he returns with a glass, a sugar bowl, a perforated spoon, and commences to pour out, eyeing the customer

all the time, until the latter raises his finger to say that he has enough. absinthe lies in the bottom of the glass -a greenish-brownish looking, gummy substance. The perforated spoon is then laid across the top of the glass, and the sugar placed on it. The drinker raises the bottle of iced water, and with scrupulous care allows two or three drops to fall on the sugar. Then he takes a quiet interest in watching the drops slowly eating in. When the sugar begins to melt it is treated to a more copious bath; and this goes on till it has entirely vanished, and the absinthe has been changed into a bright greenish-yellow fluid. This is the prelude to the Absinthe Hour.

No other capital in the world has anything to compare with it. From the wealthy quarters of the city, where the air is always the cooler for the presence of avenues of green trees, down to St. Denis, where the stench of the tanneries lies heavy, and up to the Latin Quarter, where the students laugh the more boisterously in proportion as their studies are more sombre, my Lady Absinthe holds her court. The "hour" begins vaguely after five o'clock, and ends any time up till seven. In the great business houses, where strokes of the pen represent fortunes, and in factories where pence represent dinners, it is awaited with the same impatience. The drink and the hour are part and parcel of the French character. An Englishman says: "Let me get through my dinner first. I don't want to go into any matters likely to disturb my appetite. After dinner I will have a glance over the day's doings." A Frenchman, on the other hand, says: "Well, I. had better settle my affairs before I dine. If they're good or if they're bad, a glass of absinthe will make me see them in the most comforting light. dinner, and after that for an evening without worry. One must have some relaxation."

In the summer months, when the



ON THE BOULEVARDS

terrasses of the cafes are thronged, the scene during the Absinthe Hour is a brilliant one. All Paris that only lives to amuse itself comes down to the boulevards from the Bois de Boulogne or the Races, and the tables are surrounded by dreases dainty enough to make a butterfly jealous. True, the ladies rarely touch the drink. It is not for the delicate sex, but they never miss the hour, because it is then that all the men folk that Paris talks about, and who a few hours later will be lions in many salons, meet and are natural beings.

that passes, and the conversation is interrupted with occasional whispers and Rabelaisian laughs.

vards from the Bois de Boulogne or the Races, and the tables are surrounded by dresses dainty enough to make a butterfly jealous. True, the ladies rarely touch "You've heard Yvette's new song—
the one she had a row with the censor over? That idea of hers of simply coughing when she comes to the line he cut out is stunning?"

"Dine? Marguery's if you like. Always certain of one dish worth eating. Why not dine at the Horloge, and wait for the concert?"

For these men, whose doings may mean ruin to thousands, a bullet in the



Men whose transactions on the Bourse have represented millions, stroll down the Rue de Quatre Septembre arm in arm; and with sheets of closing prices and hurriedly-opened wires from London in their hands, they form a coterie, and for a time a neighbouring table hears: "Those cursed Ottoman's—telegram too late to unload—next liquidation? Don't let's talk about it." And then there is a lull in the conversation, and the yellow poison is sipped, and eyes that a few minutes before had the gold greed in them are turned on every pretty woman

head, or a flight to England for themselves, absinthe has carried out her contract, and left them the world with a rose tint.

Alfred de Musset drank it to excite his brain when he wrote, and to-day there is scarcely one whose name is famed in literature, art, or the drama, that does not set aside the hour to its worship. Once in a quiet little café up in the Latin Quarter I saw Zola sitting over it. He was alone, and though he was frequently greeted by friends he bowed with that indifference of a man

whose thoughts are elsewhere. He for the dispute. Massenet is a fervent drank it automatically, and after each gulp he shifted his eyes from one table to another, and I remember the interest to whom he wishes to tell the latest

disciple, and when you see him entering a café eagerly searching for some friends

boulevard story, you can hardly imagine that this man, with his absolutely roguish laugh, is he who wrote the delicate music for Manon, and who is so nervous that he hides himself away from everyone on the first nights of his operas. Aurelien Scholl -most brilliant of chronique writers, who has forgotten more of Paris of to-day than a half of the writers of its memoirs have ever known-seeks out the ribald Armand Silvestre, the racy Paul Alxis, and the sombre looking Mendes, with the impure pen, and this crowd of brilliant men exchange in one hour enough brilliant repartee to make the fame of a dozen struggling young writers. It is a wonderful

scene. The absinthe has suited itself to all states of mind. It has made the happy the gayer, the troubled more philosophic. - It has proved to everyone that what he thinks best is right. The crowd melts away to dine and to fête, and the café is left to the waiters, and the sickly, penetrating odour lies heavy on the air. In two hours much the same assembly will be seen chatting over their coffee.

To them absinthe sings a pleasant and seductive song.

that he seemed to take in a dispute absinthe paints another picture, and it is carried on in a low voice between a an awful picture. It stamps the faces of young fellow and some girl, very loudly its victims with its own yellow colour, dressed, who was palpably responsible and their minds with its burning spirit.



66 CRAWLS AWAY TO FŒTID GARRETS "

Yes, go down to Belleville, to St. Denis, or go up into the slums of Montmartre to see what absinthe can do when it has anxious victims. As the hour approaches the poor wretches who have slept out their drunken sleep, after a debauch that has continued late into the morning, rouse themselves and crawl out into the They are cold and bloodless, All the fire of alcohol that sent them to sleep, indifferent to the workings of God or man, has evaporated. huddle through the streets with that peculiar walk of the hopeless, which by a contraction of the arms brings the shoulders narrower and raises the collar of the coat up into the neck.

No civilities are wasted on them. The brawny garçon, who would shake the life out of half of them for touching his master's dog, but who would not stop wiping a glass if they were under a cab horse, pours out the drink. He loses no time in asking if they want it with sugar or citron. They would laugh at him if he did. They take it up with trembling hands and drink it raw! This drink, which is so fearfully fiery that it would literally stun an ordinary man if he drank it undiluted, passes down their throats like milk.

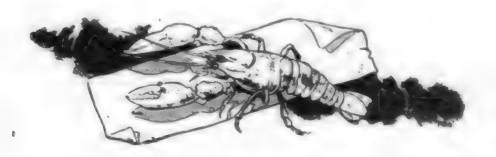
The tongues are unloosened, and the dead, parchment-like faces begin to glow. Ill-flavoured jokes are told and roars of cracked laughter arise from bodies without food or stomachs. Swaggering vagabonds boast of their crimes, and there is not a man in that company to whom absinthe has left sufficient honesty to protest. There are all kinds of faces in those groups. There are many who have drunk their absinthe at the Café de la Paix, and who went on drinking it when the waiters of the café bought evening papers off them.

There are men whose names were

once welcomed by publishers, and artists who sold their pictures on account of their signature. There is that awful type of scoundrel, who, fortunately, has no counterpart in England, but whose very existence makes the streets of Paris a danger after nightfall; and there is that hopeless, helpless dreg in humanity—the man who has lost but cannot appreciate it, but who is going to drink till he can see a full explanation out of all his difficulties.

For them there is no terrasse with palms and ferns, and no waiters with snowy aprons and obsequious manners. They shamble in to the "Zincs" (so named on account of their zinc counters), and here absinthe is sold at a penny, and plenty of it and burningly strong. men, who might have died in their beds respected, wake up and provoke the younger libertines to laughter by their attempts to interest them in stories of their former fortunes, and with anecdotes of noble scenes in France's history in which they have borne a part. Ah, that is the most pitiable of all scenes in these absinthe hells. Dragged down to the last depths of shame and poverty, absinthe mecilessly awakens their pleasanter memories, and so when the blood courses through their veins once more and they would yet find someone to sympathise with them and to believe that they were once honest men and good citizens, they see, when their senses are clear enough to appreciate all, how they are fallen and to what they have sunk.

There is a different ending to the absinthe hour in these quarters. The crowd does not break up to dine or to feast. It waits till the last sou is spent, and then it crawls away to feetid garrets, to sleep and to awake to absinthe's awful awakening.





" IS IT POSSIBLE YOU DON'T KNOW BETTER?"

Six Hours.

WRITTEN BY T. P. BATTERSBY. ILLUSTRATED BY J. SHIRREFFS, R.S.W.

latitude of Barbados that meant complete darkness so far as the sun was concerned, but the crescent of the waning moon was still high in the sky and flooded the beach with its clear The air was full of sound, it rang with the shrill singing of the cicadas, and the sharp clank of the whistling frogs, like the striking of iron plates with hammers; whilst, to form a bass to these higher notes, the deep roar of the surf upon the fringing coral reef rose and fell in a monotonous cadence, as each wave, checked in its onward motion, curled over and broke in a shower of spray that gleamed white in the pale moonshine.

In the midst of one of these glittering sheets of foam, a dark object suddenly appeared. Carried forward by the wave it seemed to break asunder and resolve itself into two unequal parts, whereof the larger was drawn out to sea again by the recoiling water, and the smaller, rising erect, appeared as a man, who proceeded

T was an hour before dawn. In the latitude of Barbados that meant complete darkness so far as the sun was concerned, but the crescent of as high as his shoulders.

Arrived at length upon the sandy beach he shook himself as a dog does after his bath, and proceeded to make a careful survey of his surroundings. There was not much to be seen. A few scattered cocoanut palms, growing in a bare and sandy soil, which was sparsely covered by straggling plants, with long suckers; here and there a patch of aloes or prickly cactus, and, on the edge of the beach itself, some large green bushes, of rich and abundant foliage. Of man there was no trace whatever, so far as could be seen by the uncertain light of The wayfarer murmured the moon. something to himself, which was certainly not a blessing, and proceeded to adapt himself to the circumstances by choosing a resting place under the thickest of the shrubs, with his damp coat, now rapidly drying in the breeze, rolled up under his head for a pillow.

There he was soon fast asleep and oblivious to his misfortunes.

He was wakened by a hand being laid upon his shoulder with no very gentle touch. He looked up, and saw a pleasant open face, belonging to a young man of some thirty-five years of age, clad in light serge trousers, and a coat open at the front, and showing a flannel shirt beneath it, whilst his costume was completed by a plain white helmet. He stood, with his horse's bridle over his arm, looking down at the sleeper with some curiosity.

"Man alive!" said the new-comer, with a rich Irish accent, "is it possible you don't know better than to go to sleep under a manchineal tree? And with a shower of rain coming up too!"

"Sir!" said the wayfarer, sulkily. "I do not know under what tree I am sleeping, nor do I greatly care, but I do care very much to be disturbed in the best sleep I have enjoyed for two nights; and I shall be obliged if you will allow me to finish it." And with that he turned over on his sandy couch, and prepared himself again for repose.

young man laughed humouredly, and proceeded to fasten his horse to a cocoa palm. Then he returned, and with an unexpected display of strength fairly lifted the sleeper off the ground, and, in spite of his struggles, carried him to the beach, where he set him down and stared him straight in the face. It was not a pleasant countenance to contemplate just then. A narrow forehead, high cheek bones, a sharp nose, and a bristly black beard, give a most telling likeness to a bird of prey when the owner of these features happens to be in a rage, as this man undoubtedly was just now.

"There is not the least use in your being angry," said the young man, calmly. "I had not time to argue with you. There is the first of the rain! If I let you sleep under that bush for five minutes longer your own mother would not know you, and very possibly you might lose your eyesight also. How do you happen to be in Barbados and never to have heard of the manchineal? not know your face."

By this time it had dawned upon the mind of the shipwrecked man that his interrogator had undoubtedly done him a kindness, though in a rough enough way. "I am sure sir, I am obliged to you," he said. " I never heard of such a tree as that before. An inhospitable coast this is of yours! I barely saved my limbs from being broken on those coral rocks, and now I am ashore I don't seem to have done much better."

"How did you come ashore, man, and from whence did you come?" asked the voung man, curiously.

"Ah! that is a long story. could oblige me, now, with a pipe of tobacco or a cigar, I could tell it all the better. It is two days since I had a smoke." His eyes glanced eagerly towards his visitor's pocket.

"Poor chap!" said the latter, producing a well-filled cigar case and a box of

The shipwrecked man snatched them with avidity, and took a few whiffs of the fragrant Havana with evident enjoy-Then he solemnly shook his benefactor by the hand.

"Richard is himself again!" he said cheerfully. " And now for my story. I beg to introduce myself as Mr. Ralph Hyde, of London originally, but of late years domiciled at New York, whence I sailed for Demerara in the schooner We had fair Ocean Pride last month. weather and made a good run of it, till the day before yesterday, and then one of the clumsy crew managed to set the craft on fire. She was manned mostly by Spaniards, and they lost their heads. There were only two boats on board. One they stove in lowering, and the other went off, loaded to the gunwale with a set of shrieking, praying cowards. I stayed behind, and rigged myself a raft with a couple of gratings and a few boards. I put plenty of provisions on it, and some water and brandy, but I forgot tobacco. I knew that the trade wind would soon land me on some one or other of the West Indies, so I was not particularly anxious, but I found it blazing hot in the daytime, and the sharks came very uncomfortably near. Last night I sighted this island and managed to get ashore—dead tired, and sadly needing a sleep, which it seems I am not to get! There you have my history in a nutshell."

"What are you going to do now?"

asked the young man.

" Do? Well I suppose there is a Governor at this blessed island. I will draw up a memorial to him, and no doubt he will raise a subscription to enable me to pursue my voyage to Demerara. I have urgent business there. Meanwhile I have but a scanty supply of money, so, if you can direct me to some place where I can get board and lodging on reasonable terms, I shall be greatly obliged."

"Were there any women on board that schooner of yours, Mr. Hyde?" asked the young man, somewhat incon-

sequentially.

"Two, sir. A couple of Spanish Americans, who only shrieked a few degrees higher than their countrymen. I think they were both drowned in the upsetting of the first boat launched, but I really do not know. Perhaps they got off in the one that floated and are now safe at St. Lucia or St. Vincent. They were no beauties, poor things!" And he laughed at some remembrance of his own.

" No beauties and therefore no loss, I suppose you mean, Mr. Hyde?" said his listener, with a slight curl of the lip. "You at any rate do not seem to have troubled yourself much about their fate. But as we West Indians are hospitable people I will not let you hunt for board and lodging. My house is only two miles from here. My name is Charlton O'Neill, and I am the manager of the Red Mills plantation. I am just on my way to Bridgetown on business, so that I cannot see after you myself, but if you come with me to the road over there I will direct you to the house, where my wife will doubtless be able to make you comfortable. I hope to be home myself about eleven o'clock, and then we can talk over matters and see what is to be done for you. Nay!—you owe me nothing, Mr. Hyde. It was my duty to take you from under that manchineal tree, and it is my duty to entertain strangers who are in need. There is nothing personal in the matter."

Hidden by the bushes, the road ran not two hundred yards from the beach, and the two men soon reached it, in time to intercept a queer vehicle with four wheels of enormous thickness and a team of eight donkeys—which latter were slowly walking along, deaf to their driver's exhortations, but keeping a keen watch upon the long whip carried by the negro boy who ran beside them. Mr. O'Neill hailed the driver, who pulled up.

"Sam is going to the Red Mills, Mr. Hyde. His vehicle is not much to speak

of, but it will save you a hot walk, and you will find the flour sacks comfortable enough to sit on. Now, I am already late, and I must leave you. Au revoir, sir!"

He waved his hand and rode off at a brisk trot. Mr. Hyde looked after him with an unamiable expression of countenance, and then slowly climbed into the truck. The driver began a series of questions, but received no other answer than an oath and a request that he would hold his tongue. Sam turned sulky and said no more, but took the precaution to drive his vehicle over every stone and into every rut on the rough coral road, with a view to the discomfort of his passenger, who vainly strove to complete his broken slumber. Soon they began to mount a steep hill, and at its top turned into a yard on all sides of which were buildings for the boiling and manufacture of sugar, and in the centre the Red Mill itself, a great windmill whose sails revolved with stately motion, in a mighty circle of some 300 feet in circumference, turning the iron rollers which crushed the cane. At one corner was a house, two storeyed, with a balcony running round under the upper windows, whose jalousied half shutters were closed to keep out the hot rays of the sun. The porch was sheltered by a long verandah, on the balcony above stood wooden tubs with groo-groo palms and variegated crotons and other tropical plants: the whole forming as pleasant a picture as the eye could rest upon. Sam drove his lumbering team up to the door, rang the bell, and, leaving his passenger to account for himself, moved off towards the mill.

The door was opened to Mr. Hyde by the mistress herself. She was a woman of some thirty years of age, pale, as are all West Indians, but with a sweet and gentle face that had some pretensions to beauty. She looked with some anxiety at her visitor, who, indeed, was not an inviting object in his clothes stained and shrunk with the sea water. He started when he saw her, and a quick flush passed over his face for an instant, and was gone, leaving him paler than before.

"Mrs. O'Neill, I presume," he said, holding out his hand. "You see before you a shipwrecked man, who, after many long hours spent upon the sea, with death staring him in the face, was this morning saved from another danger by your worthy husband, who added to his kind-



"HYDE HAD NOT RAISED HIS EYES"

ness by sending me here, and recommending me to your kind mercies. I am afraid I shall cause you a great deal of trouble, but if you can, without inconvenience, provide me with a change of garments and a breakfast, I shall be

eternally grateful."

While he spoke, Mrs. O'Neill gazed at him with a troubled face. There was something unreal and theatrical about his set speech: but perhaps that was the nature of the man. Nevertheless, as she welcomed him to her house, and ushered him in, it was with a preoccupied air that he could not fail to notice, made no remark, however, and, half-anhour later, was comfortably dressed in a suit of Mr. O'Neill's clothes, and seated at a well furnished breakfast, enjoying a dish of fried flying fish, to which he did full justice. His hostess had already breakfasted, but she poured out the tea, and conversed with him as he ate, still with that puzzled expression on her face.

"A charming home you have here, Mrs. O'Neill," he remarked; as the meal drew to a close. "I suppose you have

lived here many years?'

"I came out here when I married," she answered. "It will be five years ago next month."

"Ah! so lately. And—I hope you will excuse my freedom—Mr. O'Neill was doubtless your first husband?"

The hand that was pouring out the tea shook a little, and some of the fluid ran over the edge of the cup into the saucer. Hyde had not raised his eyes, but was busily employed in killing the ants which ran on the table-cloth with the handle of his knife.

"No, I was married before," said Mrs.

O'Neill at length, in a low voice.

"Really! It speaks well for your experience of matrimony that you should have experimented upon it twice already!" said Hyde, raising his eyes, and looking at her, with a smile that had in it something cynical. "You seem, at all events, to have secured a treasure in your second husband, Mrs. O'Neill. I hope your first was a worthy man?"

"He was a villain!" said the lady, with much emotion. "But, sir, you must excuse my saying that I cannot understand your curiosity about my past life. It cannot possibly concern you."

"Can it not, Rachael?" said the man, rising from his seat, and laying his hand upon her shoulder. "Whom should it

concern if not me? What lies they tell when they say a woman never forgets. I remember you as though we had parted yesterday, and you have no word for your wedded husband, Lawrence Heaton."

She looked at him for a moment, with a face as pale as death, and then would have screamed aloud, but he laid his

hand upon her lips roughly.

"None of that!" he said. "Now, Rachael, if you faint or play any of your woman's tricks, remember two things: first, that I have the iced water conveniently beside me, and secondly, that if I have to call the servants your household will learn all."

"You were dead!" she gasped, scarcely

knowing what she was saying.

He laughed.

"For a dead man I am pretty lively!" he said. "You see, that was the first of your mistakes. When I was condemned to ten years' penal servitude, and had to leave your arms, I daresay you were not What a relief altogether inconsolable. it must have been to you to hear of my escape from Portland, and of my being drowned by my crazy boat capsizing. Only, you see, that was all part of my plan to thrown the blood-hounds off the scent. Whilst they thought me quietly reposing at the bottom of the Channel I was on board a trading ship bound for New York, where I landed safely, and by the exercise of my talents soon made myself a reputation. My name is no longer Lawrence Heaton, but Ralph With my nominal identity I Hyde. have dropped many things, but I do not intend to drop you, my lady, now I have You are too valuable a found you. possession. Will you not welcome your husband with a kiss?'

She started back indignantly.

He laughed amusedly and resumed his seat. "Ah!" he said. "Then you find the second husband more to your taste than the first. Well, I will not interfere with you. Here are my conditions. If you provide me with a sum of £2,000 I can see my way to making my fortune in Demerara, and will undertake to leave for British Guiana by the next boat. I have no doubt Mr. O'Neill is a wealthy man, and doubtless he has full confidence in his wife. If you refuse I shall simply go to your husband, when he returns, and tell him the whole story. If I know anything of men, he will not



"A GREAT BLACK MASS HURTLING TUROUGH THE AIR" VOL. III., NEW SERIES.—DECEMBER, 1896

dream of delivering me up to justice, and he certainly will not dream of living longer with you. So now take your

choice, and be quick about it."

"You shall have your answer at once!" said Mrs. O'Neill proudly. "Whatever you say or do now, matters nothing to me; you have ruined my home and crushed the happiness of two souls for ever. Let that content you. And now, sir, get out of my husband's house—for my husband he is still, in the sight of the Almighty, and I will not allow your presence to profane his dwelling."

"Very well said indeed, Rachael!" Hyde replied, with an angry smile on his lips. "You decidedly ought to have been educated for the stage! I will leave the house, certainly, for I see you cannot calm yourself sufficiently to reflect on the situation whilst I am in the room. Besides, I have an ardent desire to study the mysteries of sugar manufacture. I shall therefore take a stroll through the yard and the boiling houses, and you can think over matters at your leisure. Mr. O'Neill said he would be back at eleven o'clock. If, at that hour, you have not come to me, with either the money or your promise to pay it (you see I trust your word implicitly, which I assure you is a great compliment from me!), I will meet the worthy gentleman upon the road, and, if you care to look out of the window, you shall see an affecting interview. But I am inclined to think that you will not be so foolish as to refuse my magnanimous offer, which is really a good one. Till eleven o'clock then. an revoir!" He kissed his hand, and walked out into the verandah, leaving the unhappy lady to her reflections.

They were very bitter. That morning she had risen from her couch the possessor of a good husband, a happy home, and five years of pleasant memories which had almost obliterated the past beyond them. Now she knew herself the wife of as great a scoundrel as ever darkened the earth with his presence, and her home and her prospects shattered at a blow. Her mind reverted to the base propositions of Lawrence Heaton. The money she had, and at her own disposal, too-the amount of a legacy left her by a sympathising relative, after her husband's condemnation in England, in the days of the past. She had only to draw a cheque and place it in the villain's hands, and he would be gone—if not for ever, at least for a time—and her paradise

could go on as before.

Yes; but a paradise with the serpent in it. She could fancy that dark secret locked in her own breast, poisoning all the pleasure, alienating her from him she loved, making him hate in the end. He loved her now. It were better for them to part whilst yet they loved than to drift asunder in the years to come—separated by guilt. No; there was no alternative. She could not do it.

She went up to her bedroom, and began to put together her poor little pieces of jewellery and her few private treasures. She would take nothing belonging to Mr. O'Neill, she thought, smiling wanly as she framed to herself the unaccustomed name by which, in the dreary years to come, she must know him. A bird—accustomed to be fed with crumbs, and tame and fearless of herflew in at the open window and lit upon her shoulder. She looked at its little bright eye, and seemed to read sympathy It was the final touch. there. dropped into a chair and burst into a passionate storm of weeping, whilst the frightened bird flew wildly about the

"Sam," said Liza, a handsome, stately young damsel of some seventeen summers, "dat man you brought here must be very bad man. I go to missus's room just now, and she cryin' awful. I was 'feared to go in, but I listened at the door, and I heard her cry: 'Oh! God, save me! Oh! God, deliver me from that man!' An' I heard more too, but I couldn' understan' it. But, for sure, he waiting to do missus a bad turn."

"So," said Sam meditatively, looking with an inscrutable countenance towards the windmill, whose sails a dozen men were holding, whilst a reef was being shaken out. In the midst of the group was Hyde. He was carelessly assisting in the operation, with a rope wound round his wrist, but his eyes were straying alternately towards the door of the verandah and towards the white line of the dusty road, up which a horseman could be seen toiling slowly. Sam shook his head.

"You go into Mistress, Liza," he said.
"Tell her Mas'r is coming up the road."

Liza flew to convey her message, and Sam strolled slowly towards a little building on the other side of the yard.

A minute elapsed and then a fine monkey came bounding into the midst of the group at the windmill, with the negro in hot pursuit yelling at the top of his voice: "Hi, hi! Catch Mistress' monkey!

lacko loose!"

The negro character is not adapted by Nature to resist a sudden impulse. In an instant every man was in chase, and the mill left to look after itself. At that moment Hyde was regarding the verandah intently, seeing a white dress approaching the door from within. Before he could realise what had happened the revolving sail had lifted him from his feet. Involuntarily he clutched at the bar above him and held on, with the grasp of despair, as he was whirled upwards. But he could get no rest for his feet, and as the sail ascended he, swinging by his hands, found that his arms were twisting and that he must let go. What passed through the mind of the wretched man in that awful moment it is not for us to

Determined to face the worst at once, Mrs. O'Neill was coming out to meet her husband when she paused at the door of the verandah, startied by the sudden silence that followed the hubbub of the instant before. A rushing noise in the air made her raise her eyes quickly, to see a great black mass hurtling through the air, which fell on the stone pavement almost at her feet, turned over once, and then lay still, whilst a red stream trickled over the ground, and dyed the cane trash crimson. As Mr. O'Neill rode into the yard and leaped from his horse he was just in time to catch his fainting wife in his arms.

"What puzzles me," said the manager of the Red Mills two days later to his wife, "is the exceeding mystery of the ways of Providence. Now, why should that poor fellow have been saved from a wreck at sea and brought safely to shore only to die six hours later by an accident. Surely nothing can well have happened in that time to affect his soul, or that of anyone else? I shall never understand why a man should be snatched from the jaws of death just to live for six hours."

Then she told him.





THE WORKS

The Making of a Glass Bottle.

WRITTEN BY J. S. FLETCHER. ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS.



HE glass bottle, whether designed for the reception of an expensive wine or a cheap beer, aërated waters or quack medicines, is in its way a landmark of civilisation. Travellers come across it in corners of the earth where they

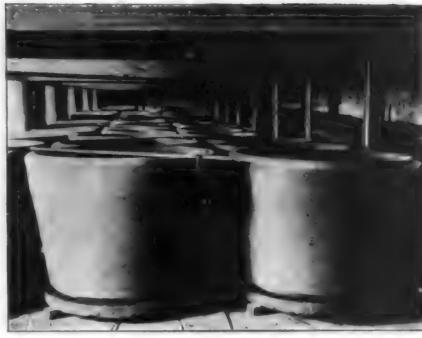
would least expect to find it. One meets it, empty and discarded, on the sands of the African desert; another on the eternal snow-fields of the Arctic regions. Explorers have found it, still wearing its Bass's Pale Ale or Guinness's Extra Stout label, set up in the kraal of some dusky chief as an object of mystery or a fetish of awful power. Underneath the ocean it lies in hundreds of thousands —perhaps in millions, for the steamship folks throw it overboard rather than carry it empty. It may be that the denizens of this lower world wonder what the curious object is that comes to them from the great ocean tracks above, and that some of them regard it as a choice article of food. However that may be, certain it is that the glass bottle is turned out by the million, and goes somewhere and disappears somehow when its appointed course is run. It is one of those commonplace objects of everyday life which we see everywhere and think little of. Few people have any notion as to its manufacture. It looks a simple thing. The man who uncorks it, empties it of its contents, and flings it aside, probably never dreams of even wondering how it was made, and what enterprise and labour had to do with its making. As a matter of fact, invention, skill, and work under somewhat uncomfortable circumstances, all centre round the making of a glass bottle. Insignificant as it seems at first sight, it is yet one of the most remarkable products of human ingenuity.

The manufacture of the glass bottle, as English makers will sadly confess, is not confined to England. In the glass bottle trade, as in many other trades

there is a certain emount of foreign competition, which often makes its influence felt on the English market. They make glass bottles in Yorkshire, but they are also made in Germany. Whether the foreign glass bottle is as good as the glass bottle of home manufacture is a auestion which need not here be gone The home industry is a large one, and gives employment to thousands of men in

various centres. At Castleford, at Mexborough, at St. Helen's, and in many other places, all more or less unlovely, the fires burn and the glass is shaped into bottles of varying size and capacity. At every glass bottle factory there is one thing which immediately arrests the attention of the curious observer. That is heat—fierce, irresistible heat, strong and determined enough to burn up anything that gets into its clutches. It is just as evident in winter as in summer—nay, it puts the sun to shame, and renders his beams cold and lifeless by comparison.

The first essential in the manufacture



THE POT ROOM

of glass is that mixture which is technically known by glass-bottle makers as "batch." It consists of silica, soda, and lime, mixed together in due proportions. The silica is introduced in the form of sand, the best variety of which is obtained from Belgium. In a good sample of Belgian sand there are 98.60 per cent. of silica, 0.70 per cent. of alumina, 0.25 of oxide of iron, 0.28 of lime, 0.17 of magnesia, with some traces of alkalies. The soda is mixed into the "batch" in the form of salt, salt-cake, and soda ash, in almost any kind of alkaline waste, and is obtained

> from all parts of England. The salt varies in composition, from 90 to 95 per cent. of chloride being an average yield. The soda ash may be obtained in a state of great commercial purity, and regularly yields from 97 to 98 per cent. of carbonate; while the salt-cake varies considerably. giving a general average of 95 per cent. of sulphate of soda. The third constituent, lime, is used in the form of carbonate (in limestone) hydroxide,



A WORN-OUT POT-HOLE, SHOWING ACTION OF INTENSE HEAT ON BRICKWORK



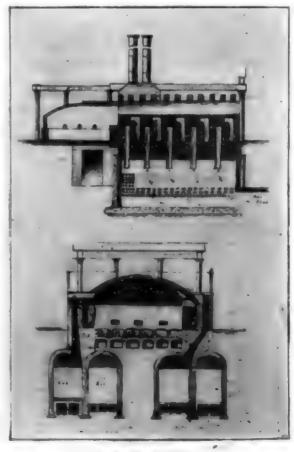
A BLOWPIPE

magnesium limestone, or in some combined form, while for coloured glass, gas lime does very well. In addition to these ingredients others are used, containing one or more, or sometimes all, of the constituents of which glass. is composed, such as felspars and granulite. For coloured glass, granite, basalt, clay in the form of ground tiles or bricks, slags of various origin, and the oxides of iron, cobalt, copper, chromium, manganese, and other matters are made use of. All these various materials are brought together in a mixing-house and thoroughly mixed in due proportion. Thus mixed they are formed into a mass of chemical constituents which look to the unlearned observer very much like a dust heap. This is "batch," and out of it the glass bottle is to be made.

The "batch" being duly mixed, the next thing to be done is to provide something for its reception. Large "pots" or crucibles are made of refractory fire-clay, and are capable of holding thirty hundredweight each. They are built and smoothed off by hand, and when finished are placed in a large chamber, where they remain six, and, if possible, twelve months, at a temperature of 70 degrees, so as to avoid cracking. From this chamber they pass to a smaller receptable, technically known as a "potarch." Here they are exposed to an amount of heat sufficient to render them red hot. This bakes off all moisture and organic matter. At the end of a week they are taken in a "pot carriage," which

is simply a gigantic pair of pincers, drawn by a horse, to the furnace, and are placed therein while at red heat. The furnace into which the "pot" is thus introduced is quadrangular chamber of brick. It contains four "pots," one in each corner. The fire is built up in the middle, and is fed underneath by air, assisted by steam jets. It is here, at the furnace, and in the cave-hole underneath it, that one

begins to experience the full effect of the heat which hangs about certain parts of a glass-bottle factory. To stand before the open door of a furnace, even with the protection afforded by a pair of blue spectacles, is to look upon a scene more awful than one can imagine. The flames are literally alive; they creep and crawl and glide and dart



PLAN OF TANK



THE MOULD ROOM

and make wild twistings and turnings. Underneath them the melting metal sobs and palpitates. Now it rises in the pots as if the fiery torture would force it to leap over the sides and escape; now it sinks and subsides as if in utter despair. Everything is at white heat—the whole thing is infernal. As the fierce draught sweeps across from side to side the flames glide over the chamber like horrible spirits that shoot out fiery tongues. Underneath the furnace, down in the cave-hole, where the steam apparatus forces a tremendous draught to the fire

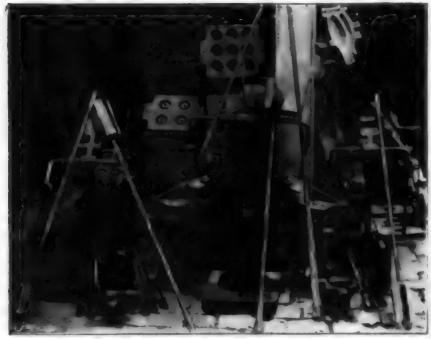
above, it seems almost impossible to breathe or move. The heat seems to seize upon and wither whatever comes near it, and you go up to the outer air again feeling as if you had never breathed before. The "pots" being placed in the furnace, they are filled with "batch" and "cullet" (old broken glass) mixed together. The "founders" take charge of the furnace, driving it to intense heat, and gradually fill the 'pots," this process occupying from 14 to 16 hours. At the end of that time the "glass-hands," who actually fashion the glass into bottles, come into view. They take charge of the furnaces, skim the metal, and begin to make bottles.

The actual process of bottlemaking looks very simple, but a little due observation shows that it is one which requires no small amount of skill, precision and intelligence. The men work in gangs

of five. and each five constitute what is known as a "hole." The "bottle-maker" is responsible for the whole five, and for the work which they turn out. Sub-division of labour comes in here as in most other modern industries. Process follows process, and each process passes the bottle from one hand to another. First comes the "gatherer." He takes up on the end of a blow-pipe what his experience tells him will be a requisite quantity of metal. He partly cools and manipulates it on a "marver" (which is a block of Scotch stone, some-



THE SORTING TABLE



BOTTLE MOULDS, TOOLS, BLOWPIPES, ETC.

what resembling a thick doorstep), and hands it over to the "blower." He, after further cunning manipulation, drops it into the mould, and blows it into shape. When it emerges from the mould the bottle is complete, save for the ring which terminates the neck. Now comes the "wetter-off" and takes the bottle, still on the blow-pipe, from the "blower." He breaks off the superfluous glass from the neck by means of a smart tap from a cold iron, and passes it on to the "bottle-maker." He receives it in a claw-shaped iron known technically as a "punty." Taking it to

the mouth of the furnace, he runs a little metal round the end of the neck. and fashions this with a tool, the shape corresponding with the style of the mould from which the bottle has just emerged. Then comes the last of the five, the "taker-in," who is usually a small boy. He takes the finished bottle on the end of a long iron, known as a "hot-fork," and carries it across to the annealing kiln. where it remains packed closely with other bottles for forty-eight hours, during which time it gradually cools.

The "pot," which is very useful for the production of glass required in small quantities of various colours, has of late years been almost altogether replaced in the manufacture of large quantities by the "tank." The ordinary "pot" contains about 30 cwt. of glass, the "tank" varies in capacity, but usually holds from 70 to 140 tons. Under the "tank"

system fuel, time, and space are largely economised, and continuity of working and purity of production are more certain than under the old-fashioned method. "Tanks," although varying in the details of their construction, are essentially the same in principle. Each consists of a melting chamber, or "tank" proper, which is connected by a descending shaft with "generators," and these by means of flues underneath, running horizontally, and in the required direction, are in turn connected with the "producers," placed at some convenient distance apart from the "tank." The "producers" are so



THE WORKS DURING THE FLOOD OF OCTOBER 16, 1892

constructed that coal falls through an opening on the top down on to an inclined plane, whence it passes on to inclined bars, which constitute the grate. Here it is met by a current of air and steam, and the coal is subjected to a process of distillation, the product consisting of various gases, the most useful of which are carbon monoxide and hydrogen, together with a small proportion of hydro-carbons. The non-combustible gases are undecomposed carbon di-oxide and nitrogren. On an average this "producer gas" has the following composition:—Carbon di-oxide

until they meet at openings known as port-holes situated at the entrance to the "tank." Here they combine with intense heat, and, filling the whole of the "tank," heat up the metal and then pass out at similar openings on the other side of it. The products of combustion and heated air, descending into the opposite pair of "generators," yield up a very large proportion of heat, rendering the chequer work of the "generators" red hot. The inflow of gas and air being reversed at frequent intervals, the "generators" alternately yield up their heat to the inflowing or absorb heat from the out-



WAREHOUSE, AREA 31,000 SQUARE FEET

4.40, carbon monoxide 24.47, hydrogen 13.25, nitrogen, &c., 57.88, or about 40 per cent. of combustible gas. The gas comes off at a temperature of about 1,000° C. and passes on to the "generators," or, more correctly, the "recuperators." The generators run in pair: underneath, and at each side of the "tank," one of each pair conveying the "producer gas," the other the air necessary for its combustion. In going through these "generators" the gas, or air, is made through a chequer work of bricks laid in alternating rows, longitudinally and transversely. Thence they ascend by the shafts already mentioned flowing gases, which then find their way into the main upshaft. The "tank" itself is a chamber of greater length one way than the other, rectangular at one end and semi-circular at the other. At the rectangular end are openings sufficiently large to admit of the introduction of "batch" and "cullet"; and, at a distance of about two-thirds of its length from this end, the "tank" is divided into two compartments by means of a bridge running right across it, resting on the bottom, and rising to a level rather above that of the metal. At the bottom of the bridge are a series of holes. The metal, as it forms, becomes denser than the

materials from which it is made, and, falling to the bottom of the tank, finds its way through these holes, and is forced by successive layers of dense glass into the working chamber on the other side of the bridge. The working chamber has a number of "working holes," from the outside of which the men gather the metal to make into bottles, the process then being in all respects as already described in connection with "pot" shops.

The actual process of blowing and moulding occupies but a few moments; but there is still much to be done before the bottle passes from the factory to the From the annealing-kiln it market. goes to the sorting department in crates and baskets, and is there scrupulously overhauled and examined by experienced men, who are quick to detect a flaw. They reject doubtful bottles and set them aside. Some are too heavy, some too light; in some the metal is defective. in others the manufacture. The bottles that pass this strict examination pass on to the packing and distributing department. Here are all manner of machines and appliances for saving time and labour: machines for washing bottles, grinding rough edges down, coating electrical jars, making boxes and packingcases—everything, in fine, that human

ingenuity can desire, as an aid to the work to be done. The glass bottle is simply the nucleus round which all this industry and ingenuity centre—both are brought into action in order to make it, pack it, and send it out to the world.

Someone once asked the question: What becomes of old pins? It was not an easy question to answer, nor is it easier to come to any definite decision as to the ultimate fate of a glass bottle. And because sentiment and fancy are neither of them exactly in keeping with the stern reality of a magazine article, the probable fate of glass bottles, large and small, may be left to the imaginative reader. It would not be surprising to hear that Dr. Nansen found an empty one at the North Pole.

Note.—The information upon which the above article is based has been gained from a recent inspection of the works of the Aire and Calder Glass Bottle Company (Messrs. E. Breffit and Co., Limited), at Castleford, Yorkshire—the oldest and probably the largest glass bottle factory in England, the annual output being over 24,000,000 bottles. To Messrs. Breffit and to their analytical chemist, Mr. E. G. McBretney, F.C.S., F.I.C., the thanks of the writer are due for much special information.



PARIS STATUES.



VI.—DANTON

"My First Appearance."

WRITTEN BY PERCY CROSS STANDING.

VII.—MR. J. FORBES ROBERTSON.



LADY once remarked to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones that she should decidedly place the influence of the stage next to that of the pulpit. "Why put it second?" asked the writer of plays.

It was this question of the Church versus the Stage that greatly exercised the mind of Mr. Forbes Robertson when deciding upon a career. Or rather, it

was a kind of triangular duel between the acolyte, the actor, and the artist in him—and that the actor eventually won by a "short length" was perhaps due less to fate than to his own peculiar equation. For when three pull different ways, and when all three are strong, it generally takes a long time to come to a just decision; and in Mr. Robertson's charming house in Bedford Square you find many evidences both of the painter and the priest. Portrait-painting was once his forte, and the walls (especially of the dining-room) are hung with the work of his brush. Singular to state, he is not a Catholic, albeit rosaries and crucifixes—several of them with histories -occupy numerous niches all over the

Forbes Robertson is of Cockney extraction, having been born in the capital of the world on January 16th, 1853. As he would tell you in that beautiful mellow voice of his, he was sent to school at Charterhouse, where he remained for three years. He never appeared in the school theatricals, but learnt to draw; and afterwards, on quitting the Charterhouse, he became a semi-pupil of Rossetti's. In fact, Forbes Robertson, then a boy of some seventeen summers, sat to Rossetti for the figure of "Love," where he will be found

to-day (in "Dante's Dream") by any visitor to the Liverpool Art Gallery. Robertson was successful in getting into the Academy in 1870, in getting a five pound note for his first portrait, and—

"But what of the First Appearance?" I fancy I hear my wearying readers demanding. It was only fitting that his talent for painting should be instrumental in winning for young Robertson his opening engagement upon the stage. This was due to the late W. G. Wills, creator (in art) of Ophelia, creator (in stagecrast) of A Royal Divorce, Charles I., and Marie Stuart, and alike prince oi Bohemians and king of good fellows. It was brought about largely owing to Forbes Robertson's early recognition, among the rising young Academicians, "when he lived in Bohemia," as "the" actor par excellence. They were a very fair imitation of the heroes of Murger's undying Scènes de la vie de Bohème, these young fellows; but if Hamo Thornycroft was the Schaunard and Frank Dicksee the Rodolphe, we may be sure that the æsthetic Robertson supplied super-excellent Marcel. And Mr. Wills, ever observant, looked on as he painted away there, and listened, and decided that the loss to the theatre would be relatively greater than the loss to the In fine, Wills obtained for easel. Robertson his first theatrical engagement, and he started at the very fair salary, for a "new chum," of £4 per The piece was Wills's own play of Marie Stuart (with Mrs. Rousby in the title rôle), and the venue was the Old Princess's Theatre.

Still, when we consider that Mr. Robertson's own part was the not unimportant one of the Earl of Leicester, and that in it he achieved a very considerable popularity, it will be conceded that the novice was not overpaid at £4 a week. His chief recollections of the affair are that he led the ill-fated Queen on the stage riding a white

them not to demonstrate, for obvious reasons, and for the most part they mercifully forbore.

charger, and that his fellow-artists came many pleasant recollections of the author down to the Oxford Street Theatre in a of It's Never too Late to Mend, who combody and wanted to cheer their com- missioned him to paint a picture while patriot to the echo—only he had begged touring — for Robertson was not as yet allowing his painting to lapse. He frankly confesses to me that, at the time he took to acting as a profession, he was



MR. FORBES ROBERTSON From a photograph by Alfred Ellis

Marie Stuart only ran a few weeks, went in for that stern provincial training without which few of our actors have become really great. Charles Reade's was the company which he joined, and Miss Ellen Terry (whose portrait Robertson has painted) belonged to it. He has "He really taught me my business."

by no means making painting pay. After however, and Mr. Robertson promptly some six months of valuable and varied experience with Mr. Reade's company, he joined Samuel Phelps's very powerful provincial combination, playing Cromwell to Phelps's Wolsey in Henry VIII.

"Phelps was all intuition," he says.

Forbes Robertson's is a face that lends itself remarkably to the exceptionally varied parts which he has played. Who, for example, will ever forget his Lancelot in King Arthur? On leaving Phelos's management he came to London—to the Gaiety—for a long round of "the legitimate," the Gaiety not yet being by any means the home of burlesque. We have now traced the career of the most studied of English Romeos down to the point when he began to attract the serious attention of critic, manager and public. In Mr. Buchanan's Coraine, at the Lyceum, his first big hit was made; and even if we admit that his ultimate success was assured, and his career made absolute from the moment of his stepping upon the Princess's stage, we have also to own that Forbes Robertson has been careful, painstaking and hardworking to a degree, and has allowed nothing to deter him from the genuine pleasure to be found in the conscious knowledge of victory gained as the outcome of sincere toil and unsparing zeal.

It occurs to me that I might do worse than conclude by quoting some eloquent and instructive words lately uttered by the erudite Mr. William Archer concerning what Mr. Meredith would call "the alliterative cognate theme" of art in the arena of acting—remarks which might have been dedicated to Mr. Forbes Robertson himself, whose motto, if ever an actor's was, is "Art for art's sake."

"I think our scene-painters have some-

thing to learn from their fellow-artists beyond the Channel. It may be argued that the elaborate 'sets' which practically preclude any change of scene in the course of a single act are hampering to the freedom of the dramatist; but for my part I hold that the 'one act one scene' principle has its artistic as well as its merely mechanical justification, though I fancy the coming generation of playwrights will, when they find it convenient, employ shorter acts than those now in vogue. If you can get through your action in a quarter of an hour, there is no reason for padding your act out to twice or three times that duration. Finally, I ought perhaps to guard against a misconception. applauding our modern methods of scenic decoration, I am far from defending the system which excludes from the stage all plays except those which seem likely to secure at least a hundred-night run, and so to repay the enormous expenses of their mounting. It is well that some theatres should bid for long runs and should therefore cultivate what may be called artistic luxury of decoration; but it is a crying evil that there should be no single theatre of the first order where plays which do not appeal to the hundred-night public can be mounted with modest and inexpensive appropriateness. What the drama most urgently needs is a middle term between the gigantic success (or ruinous failure) and the abortive 'trial matinée.'



How She Routed the Chinamen.

WRITTEN BY H. PARK BOWDEN. ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN H. BACON.

"I OW is he now?" As she softly put the question, the girl's brown eyes looked with anxious intentness into the reddened, sunkened ones of the woman who had come to the door of the shanty, her finger raised to enjoin silence.

"He's been sleepin' like a baby for the last five hours. I guess it's jest the turn with him," she answered in a whisper whose hoarseness told of consuming suspense. "I'm real thankful it's all so quiet; it gives him a chance," she added, slowly, her weary gaze passing from the girl's fair face to the rocky solitude of the great, silent Canon, that in the usual way would have been resounding with the explosion of powder, and discharge of "monitor." But as it was, owing to the legal controversy that temporarily paralysed the hydraulic mining industry of California, work was suspended here as elsewhere. And, moreover, on this particular morning, the miners had betaken themselves and their womenfolk to a fête in Sacramento. So the population of Coyote Cañon was reduced to a few old beldames, beyond pleasure-seeking, the man who lay at death's door, his mother, and the girl who had given her troth to him, only a few days before the accident that struck him down. While hastening down from his sentry-box, to assist in clearing a jam that was turning the auriferous stream from its right course, the young watchman had missed his footing, his head striking the rock with a force that laid him senseless, which unconsciousness had developed into brain-fever.

The doctor who had travelled from Sacramento in answer to Widow Britton's pressing summons, had told her that her son's splendid constitution would do more for him than he could. In truth, the worthy medico had no wish to repeat that long, rough journey to Coyote Cañon. So having given her some general directions, and warned her that the crisis would be preceded by a

deep sleep, from which the patient must on no account be wakened, he had gone his way. And Ed Britton was fighting his battle for life, watched only by the two women who had been drawn closely together by the hopes and fears that made their hearts beat as one.

"Yes, it is lucky indeed that the work has been stopped," replied Lyddy Davis. "This good spell of sleep will bring him round, depend upon it, mother," she added, softly pronouncing the name that Ed had asked her to use.

Then entering the shanty, they silently stole to where he lay, his strongly cast, good-looking face turned to the air that streamed in through the window near his bed. His brown hair had been clipped close to his head, and his beard removed as well as tremblingly plied scissors could effect it, thus baring a throat whose massive column would have delighted a sculptor. While they were standing there, anxiously watching the deep respiration that stirred his broad chest, their attention was attracted to a blue-bloused, pigtailed little figure that was making

"It's little Ah Li," muttered the widow, and she hurried to the door to warn away the small Celestial she was wont to occasionally treat to dough-nuts, flap-jacks, or whatever might be going.

helter-skelter for the shanty.

"Shall I ever hear him call me his own little Lyddy—ever feel his arm round me again? How strong he was, and now—" a mist of tears blurred the girl's eyes as she looked down on the fever-wasted man.

At this moment her sleeve was clutched, and turning with a start she saw his mother staring at her with a look of wild distraction. Without a word she quickly drew the girl to the doorway, where stood the miniature Chinaman, his small, sallow face wearing a terrified expression.

"Lyddy, Lyddy, they are coming to kill him — my boy, my boy!" cried the



woman, releasing her clutch on the girl's sleeve, to point a trembling finger down the Cañon.

Lyddy turned white to her lips.

"Who—what? Tell me, what is it?" she asked in fear-sharpened accents, looking from the desperate woman to the scared boy.

In his odd pigeon-English, he stammered out words to the effect that he had heard his father talking with some other Chinamen who were plotting to avenge the death of Hung Chung.

"Hung Chung—the man who was shot down?" interrupted Lyddy, referring to the tragic occurrence that three weeks before had raised a mutinous spirit among the Chinese labourers. One of the gang, Hung Chung, had been repeatedly detected by Ed Britton in the act of robbing the sluices of auriferous amalgam; and on the third occasion he had warned the rascal that if he found him making another such attempt he should do his duty and shoot

him down. Nevertheless, the fellow had persisted in his thievery, and had accordingly forfeited his life. And now, it appeared, his fellow-labourers---who, on work being suspended in Coyote Cañon, had gone off to some diggings a few miles distant-were about to avail them. selves of the Cañon being practically deserted, to return and wreak their vengeance in a most diabolical fashion; it being their intention to torture the widow to death before Ed's eyes, then to take what little life remained in him, and afterwards to set fire to the shanty. Ah Li had left them taking a meal preparatory to starting on their revengeful errand. There was no doubting the boy's story; it carried conviction and terror to Lyddy's heart; and she met the mother's distracted eyes with ones scarcely less so.

"If only I knew how to use a rifle!" she said, looking to where Ed's stood in

the corner near him.

" My son, my son," repeatedly moaned

the poor widow, wringing her hands in helpless agony as she looked in at him. Suddenly she turned on Lyddy with a look of frantic energy.

"We'll hide him-we'll carry him away to one of the caves! quickly, girl; Heaven will give us strength!"

"But we should wake him, and that might be fatal," objected Lyddy, adding quickly, "We can do better than that they must come through Elbow Gap, and I will keep them back with the monitor that's close by! I'll run and tell Dickson to turn on the water, and send help. Come, Ah Li, I shall want you!" The last words were sent back over her shoulder as she sped away in the direction of the signal-box.

Two minutes later the telephone connecting the mine with the distributingreservoir, about a mile further up the Sierra, was transmitting her urgent

message.

"For Heaven's sake turn on the water when I give the signal. Ah Li has just warned Widow Britton that the Chinamen are on their way to torture her and Ed to death, while the place is deserted. Directly I see them coming through the Gap, I'll send Ah Li to give the signal to turn on, and then I must keep them back with the monitor till you can send help."

To her relief there promptly came the

encouraging answer:

" All right, little gal, I'll turn it on sure enough! Seth Stone is starting straight off to help ye tackle the durned skunks. Souse 'em well, and don't lose pluck."

There was plenty of spirit flashing in her eyes, when, having shown Ah Li how to give the signal, when she sent him back, she caught him by the hand and ran swiftly over the rough ground traversed by Following one huge iron supply-pipes. of these, they soon arrived at the spot where it terminated in a machine closely resembling a cannon, the "Monitor," in fact, by means of which a volume of water could be directed at the blastloosened rock, with a force that sent ponderous masses flying in every direction.

A glance showed her that the nozzle had been left directed at a point high up a terraced cliff, a little to the right of the narrow, elbow-angled pass by which the would-be murderers must come. So, with Ah Li's help, she removed with desperate

haste some of the rocky débris loading the ballast-carriage, until the nozzle pointed at a much lower level. Then, grasping the handle of the "deflector," in readiness to direct the stream of water, she stood motionless; her eyes fixed on the distant bend in the Gap; her ears straining to catch any forewarn-

ing of their approach.

Her vigilance was fully shared by the small Celestial, whose eyes were only removed from the rocky angle to snatch a wistful glance at her set, white face. But for the kindness he had received from most of the women-folk of the Cañon, his life would have been hard indeed, for his father had nothing but blows and scowls for him; and had recently coolly appropriated the boy's greatest treasure, a fine large kite that Ed Britton had made for him. now, few outsiders were more anxious for the young man's recovery than Ah Li, junior, who was all eagerness to make known his loss to him.

Minute after minute of crucial suspense slowly passed. Now and again the echoing clatter of a falling stone made Lyddy tingle to her finger-tips, and convulsively tighten her grip of the long iron

handle.

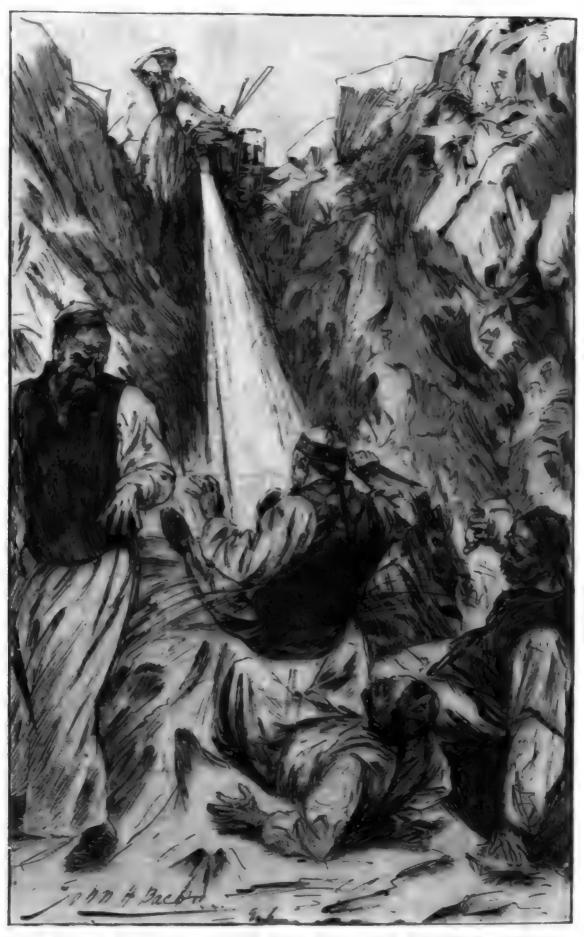
" Aha!"—" Ki—hi!"

exclamations broke simultaneously from Lyddy and the boy. group of Chinese-garbed figures were rounding the bend!

" Quick, Ah Li, run and call ' Turn on ' where I showed you!" she bade the boy, who made off for the signal-box as fast as his little bare feet could carry him.

On came the stealthy villains. As they neared the outlet of the pass she could see their oblique eyes fasten suspiciously on her; and she realised with a shiver the fate that would be hers, should Ah Li make any blunder, or Dickson delay at all to turn on the water.

But now, just as they were on the point of emerging from the Gap, a great gleaming column of water shot from the monitor's nozzle, hurling them backwards with a force that all but knocked the breath out of their bodies. managed to scramble to their feet, and, dodging the powerful shaft of water as best they could, beat a retreat back round the bend. But those who had received the full force of the liquid cannonade lay motionless where they had



"A GREAT GLEAMING COLUMN SHOT FROM THE MONITOR'S NOZZLE"

Having no wish to batter been hurled. them to death, Lyddy slightly moved the "deflector," so that the stream

cleared their prostrate bodies.

Now that the momentous ordeal was safely over, her strength and courage suddenly failed the girl, and she trembled from head to foot, her pretty white teeth

fairly chattering.

Ah Li presently returned, timidly eyeing the worsted Chinamen, two of whom were now crawling on all fours back through the rocky defile; presenting so comical an appearance, with their drenched, clinging garments and draggling pigtails, that Lyddy fell to laughing hysterically.

"Bravo, little pipe-maid, that's the way to rout 'em!"

The strong, rallying voice sounded close behind her, and turning she found two rifle-armed miners, well-known to her, within a few paces, the sound of their approach having been lost in the

noise of the rushing water.

"We saw half-a-dozen of 'em, as we came along, sneakin' back over Cherokee Ridge, beyond rifle-range, but we sent a few bullets after 'em for the fun of seein' em cut and run!" added the man, with a chuckle, as he came up, and took charge of the monitor.

"It's a considerable long spell, I reckon, since the Johnnies had such a refreshin' shower-bath!" dryly remarked Seth Stone, the elder man, taking off his hat to mop his sweat-beaded fore-

head

"I guess those are badly hurt," said Lyddy, looking at the motionless figures

of the three remaining Chinamen.

"Sarve 'em right if there ain't a whole bone lest in their ugly carcases!" de-"But I'll go and tell clared Stone. Dickson he kin turn off, and then we'll overhaul 'em." And he strode away in-

the direction of the signal-box.

"Why ye are all of a shiver, missy!" said the other, with kindly concern, as he noticed the girl's overwrought agitation. "Ye'd best go straight to Widow Britton's and take it quiet for a bit. It's mighty lucky for her and the young boss that ye didn't go along with yer father and the rest, I take it! But how's he doin' to-day?"

Lyddy told him how, as far as they could judge, the crisis had arrived.

"Waal, I hope to my heart, ye'll find him well over it—and able to give ye his thanks in right proper style!" he said, significantly, thinking to bring a blush to her pale cheeks: but she was too anxious and exhausted to exhibit any such emotion.

" If I should find he has woke, only to die," she thought, as with trembling limbs she moved up the sunny Cañon, Ah Li in eager advance. And when, on their nearing the shanty, the widow came out to meet them, he broke into a run; and was soon giving her his version of what

had passed.

So by the time Lyddy came up, the woman knew that the girl's pluck and readiness had turned aside the terrible doom that had threatened her and her son: and she pressed her to her heart with many a thankful ejaculation. And then a throb of joy sent the colour waving back to the girl's blanchest face, as she learnt that her lover had woke in his right mind, and was asking for her.

With renewed strength of limb and brightness of eye, she hastened into the meeting a gaze no longer shanty, deliriously vague, but tenderly eager.

"Lyddy, my own little Lyddy! In impulsive response to that greeting endearment, she knelt by the bedside and pressed her soft lips to his, letting her fingers linger in his weak grasp. Little he thought, as he felt their trembling pulsation, that they had just averted from him and his the worst of deaths. When a few days later he learnt the whole affair from his mother, his feelings could be better imagined than described—though he, certainly, managed to express himself, at least his gratitude and admiration, in "right proper style" the next time Lyddy came to see him.

Before long Ah Li was rejoicing in the possession of a new kite of yet greater dimensions. And as the unanimously scouted Chinamen had betaken themselves to San Francisco, leaving the boy to shift for himself, he was, to his delight, installed as "factotum" in the natty little shanty — adjoining the widow's — which was occupied by Ed Britton and his brave young wife.



OUTSIDE ONLY.

Sunday, when friends drop in unceremoniously to smoke and to chat. On soft summer nights we loll in the balcony and gossip, while the kindly tree-tops conceal all sign of the houses that in winter seem to draw closer to each other. Now the trees are leafless and the air is chill, so we gather round the tall brick chimney of the studio.

Last night Hamish and Basil alone were with us, and the talk drifted to marriage, for but a week back Bertie the volatile, Bertie the hero of a hundred maiden hearts, had surrendered his heart into the safe keeping of one.

"Ghastly things weddings; it's a mistake for a man to marry, I tell you," cried Hamish, indignantly knocking out the ashes of his pipe on the top bar of

the grate.

There was a murmur of dissentient voices, not loud enough to interrupt, for we all enjoy Hamish with a grievance. Hamish is a hardened bachelor, who prefers what he esteems comfort to

matrimony.

"Look here. There was Bertie with no one but himself to consider, making all the money he needed without overexciting himself; he had his snug chambers, where he could come and go without consulting anybody, and yet he is not content until he has fastened a woman permanently on himself."

"But if he loved her," said I, "what else could he do? His rooms would seem dull and empty without her."

"That's all very well at the time, Mrs. Babbington-Bright. But no man loves the same woman passionately for long."

"O! Hamish, that's all nonsense," protested Herbert; "every man is not fickle."

But Hamish's mind was not to be

turned from his theme.

"Marriage is a good enough institution. It is convention that has made it so difficult to approach. The system is radically wrong. There is so much useless bother and expense connected with it that I'm convinced most men would back out long before the wedding-day but for honour's sake. Suppose a man loves a girl and discovers that she returns his affection. They are in a seventh heaven of delight, of course: for a space they step on air, and all the world is glorified. But how long does that transcendent feeling last?"

Hamish paused, but no one answered his question. Probably we were all too busy with mental calculations to speak,

so he went on:

"An hour, or perhaps a day. Then the man awakes to the knowledge that before him looms an interview wherein he must bare all the nerves of his yet sensitive and shrinking income before a father, who, unhappy at even the remote prospect of losing a daughter, is inclined to touch them with the keen blade of a

dissecting knife."

"Yes," chimed in Basil, chuckling Basil's disposition is romantic. He undulates between intense devotion to individual members of the weaker sex and over-weening contempt for the entire gender. This was one of his cynical moments. The arrival of the western mail next morning cured him. "Then," he continued, "the innumerable relatives all have an opinion to offer on the sub-

ject. There is Aunt Jane, who wants to know what church you attend, and fears you pay too little attention to religious observances. And Uncle Parker, whose late spouse had a ne'er-do-well nephew of appearance and figure vaguely resembling yours, facts which cause Uncle Parker to

regard your suit dubiously."

"When you have satisfied everybody as to your possession of both money and morals," continued Hamish, taking up his thread, "come the preparations for the marriage. First, there is a house to be chosen. You yearn for some quiet country nook where you could have peace to enjoy your wife's society, with a garden to sit in and leafy lanes to walk in the summer evenings. You have heard of an ideal place in Surrey, and Clara is sure she would like it immensely, vet when the authorities are consulted they each tender different reasons for disapproval. 'Why bury yourselves in the country? Stay in town and let us all see a great deal of each other, among the companions of Clara's girlhood. have always considered that part of Surrey dreadfully damp,' says Aunt Jane. 'High up on gravel soil? Very likely the agents tell you so, but I know that poor Colonel Dyson, who bought a place there when he retired from the Indian Service, suffered shockingly from fever and ague.' "My dear Edward," says Clara's mother, 'it would be a charming home certainly, but do you think it would be quite wise to locate Clara so far from our family doctor? She is not very robust, and he has attended her from infancy and understands her constitution thoroughly, and most rural doctors are so stupid.' At last Clara believes that in even proposing to live out of town you are doing her a deadly injury. So you succumb, and eventually take a seven years' lease of an. ordinary five-floored London house. It is ugly, expensive and inconvenient, but situated within a shilling cab fare of Piccadilly."

"You forget the pleasure of furnishing," says Basil, the cynic, as Hamish pauses to refill his pipe. "You set forth full of original ideas respecting the house beautiful. But before you have spent two hours in some vast emporium, and have gone up and down in lifts, and walked through countless galleries, all crammed with hopelessly uninteresting articles, you have not the remotest

notion left as to what you intended to buy, and you finally come away oppressed with the knowledge that you have spent twice as much as you meant, and that your house will be fitted up according to the taste of the upholsterer, and look exactly like everybody else's."

"And then," continued "there is all the nuisance of the ceremony to endure" - Hamish was once groomsman for a friend at Highgate, whom he has never forgiven — "when you have to stand up before a lot of giggling idiots and parrot—yes, parrot—sacred vows, all the time horrib'y conscious of the ass you are making of yourself. After that is over you receive your wife. She was a fresh, bright girl when your choice fell upon her. Now she is a hysterical bundle of nerves, who is sure she looked hideous, that her dress did not fit, that the So-and-So's meant to insult her when they sent that wedding gift; and that the breakfast was not served as it should have been — she had implored mother not to trust those purveyors. And some rice has gone into your left eye, and you feel jaded, and the memory of your mother bravely trying to smile under a gay floral bonnet upsets you. And so you enter your new life together, and it's all completely unlike your early anticipations. But I suppose there is no remedy. This must be so."

"There is a remedy for that abuse of marriage," earnestly exclaimed Basil, abruptly dropping the mask of cynicism and revealing himself the enthusiast he is; "and it is this. Where two people experience that community of soul wherein a touch, a look, thrills, that is the time Nature meant them to marry. She did not intend them to delay until countless opposing forces had worn the fine edge off their emotions. That is the time for them to walk hand in hand to seek a special licence and wed

instantly."

"Seems rather sudden, doesn't it?" asked Herbert.

"How about next week, and where would they live in the meantime?"

"But Basil," argued the practical Hamish, "a man feels a wild fervour for a good many women in a lifetime. It would be a pity if, without considering that everything else was suitable, he tied himself irrevocably to his first fancy."

"Don't you realise that anything would be better than this ditch-water state of cold calculating marriage. Good heavens! Have you fellows no souls?"

I glanced across the hearth to Herbert, and he smiled back to me ere

taking up the cudgels.

"There is something in what you both say, but being benighted bachelors, of course, you view the matter entirely from the outside. A courtship without opposition would be but a tame affair. The knowledge of Aunt Jane's position just serves to strengthen your determination to carry off her favourite niece." The man who rushes headlong into matrimony, as Basil suggests, loses all the tender preliminary joys. Ask any man who has made a love-match, and you will find that the sweet early days of courtship rank high among his memories. Then every meeting was a keen delight, and stolen moments things to be never forgotten."

Herbert had spoken fervently. When he stopped our eyes met, and I knew that our thoughts were full of the same

recollections.

Our memories had slipped back a good many years to an autumn in a sleepy cathedral town, when I, a girl of seventeen, was staying with some clerical relatives, and Herbert, not many years older, had come to pay a short visit. He arrived on a Saturday evening, and we dined and had music afterwards. On Sunday we went to church, lunched, went to church again, separated even in the pew by the form of our kind but uncomprehending hostess. came dinner, then prayers, and so the day was over without our having had a moment together, and Herbert was to leave in the morning. As we shook hands and bade each other a distant

"Good-night," a slip of paper was transferred from his palm to mine. Its message, read with trembling delight in the secrecy of my room, was:—

Try to come into the drawing-room after they have all gone to bed. I will be waiting.

And when our good unsuspecting friends were snoozing in their respective chambers a daring little figure stole across the hall—how the boards creaked!—into the drawing-room, where, nestled together by the dying fire, two ardent young lovers drank at one gulp the raptures accumulated by a separation of quite five weeks. It was a lawless and reprehensible proceeding certainly, but it left a sweet savour in our memories for ever.

But Herbert was still speaking:

"And when in church you forget the crowd and only remember that you are getting the woman you love to cherish always, then a moment comes when you are free to carry off your bride. Muriel, do you remember the cottage where we spent our honeymoon?

"With the roses peeping in at the casement windows, and the great bed of mignonette just under them, and the river rippling close by? And, best of all, the knowledge that we had only ourselves

to think of for ever?"

"That's all very well, Mrs. Babbington-Bright, but yours is an exceptional case. Just think of the men who have immense families to strive for, and whose wives develope into a species of head nurse. Large families are the bane of married life."

We did not reply. That is a subject whereon we could not speak dispassionately. For has not the golden head of Babs cast a halo over our path?

MURIEL BABBINGTON-BRIGHT.



The Fashions of the Month.

CHRISTMAS is coming near now, and that happy period of jollity and junketing demands the consideration of something becomingly festal in the way of gowns. Even the very babies have their "parties" and want their "party dresses."

jute, or "artificial silk" makes the average "pongee" of commerce the most profitless of fabrics. For small people with a special gift for dirtying themselves, cambric or muslin over a silk slip are perhaps better, for these can be



FROCK OF BLACK AND GREEN EPINGLINE

For tiny girls and baby boys nothing is prettier than white or cream silk, and mothers will find surah far more profitable than a cheap pongee. Of course, in a genuine Chinese or Indian white silk there is endless wear and washing, but the slightest admixture of cotton,



FROCK OF DRAP MOUSSELINE

boiled and so renew their youth. A fine transparent cambric with valenciennes lace and insertion over a white satin slip, with a valenciennes frill on i, is very engaging, and even the profitless pongee may be employed in pink or blue to lend a faint, delicious tinge of

^{**}Patterns of the Costumes which appear in these pages will be forwarded by post direct from the Office of "THE LUDGATE," 34, Bouverie Street, on the following terms: Cape or Skirt, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Jacket or Bodice, 1s.; Do. (cut to measure), 1s. 6d.; Whole Costume, 2s.; Do. (cut to measure), 2s. 6d. Full particulars for self-measurement and form of application will usually be found at end of book.

colour to a fine muslin frock. For school-girls of all ages there are many dainty modes; but if they are learning skirt-dancing, as most of them are, an accordion-pleated gown in silk or muslin is best. Stephens and Co., Conduit Street, have a charming range of llamas in very delicate shades of yellow, green,

coral beads—although we have seen one in a slender old-fashioned gold chain, with a tiny heart-shaped locket, who looked not amiss.

For maidens of fifteen or sixteen still in short skirts an excellent model may be found in the simple and tasteful gowns that the sisters of the Duchess of Orleans



BLOUSE OF PALE GLACE SILK, HEMMED WITH BLACK RIBBONS AND NARROW BLACK VALENCIENNES LACE

blue and pink, which pleat easily and fall delicately and softly. Made in empire fashion, with satin ribbons to match, they are exquisite. Another pretty mode is to have a tiny circular bolero, slit up the back, of fine brocade, from beneath which the pleated skirt flows freely. Young girls should wear no ornaments save strings of pearl or

wore at her marriage. They had neat, plain skirts of pink brocade, and soft folded bodices and baby puff sleeves of pink muslin.

Evening dress for young girls is peculiarly charming this year. Every sort of airy fabric, such as tulle net and lisse, is being employed. A very pretty one in green tulle had triple vandykes of

satin ribbon running round the skirt, and a flounce below that. It was mounted on green satin, and the soft bodice had a cincture belt of white satin, and on the



A TOQUE

left shoulder was perched a bunch of lily of the valley, tied with green and white satin ribbons. A tiny empire fan of green satin sewn with gold sequins accompanied this gown, and the dainty fan-bag of green satin which she carried had a spray of lilies of the valley embroidered on it by the pretty owner. Gowns like this can be carried out in any colour, and are always becoming—primrose tulle and violets, pale blue tulle and moss rosebuds. pink tulle and snowdrops, all go well The secret of their success together. lies in having everything—underskirt, stockings, slippers, fan, handkerchief, cloak and perfume—in accord. If you wear white roses, do not scent yourself with Parma violets; and if you choose to don the blue forget-me-not, embroider a tiny blossom on your pocket-handker-

But we are not all young girls, and the simplicity which so well befits youth does not always satisfy and become the more mature. An exquisite gown that came from Worth is of pink satin. The front of the skirt is plain, but over the back hangs some full accordion-pleated pink tulle with a flounce of fine French lace at the foot. The front view of the bodice shows a becoming succession of points. The bodice is pointed and

terminates in yellow satin ribbons which descend in a deep point, accentuated by bows, in front. Across the breast there is an exquisite piece of pearl and gold passementerie, shaped like a heart above and descending in a point almost to the waist below. The sleeves are of accordion-pleated tulle.

A very rich dress, made by Lewis and Allonby, is of grey velvet. The skirt is plain but the bodice very elaborate and beautiful. In front there is a narrow vest of pink tulle, and a lovely bit of rose point edges the bodice above. The velvet of the bodice is all elaborately embroidered with lace and ribbon and The ribbons are laid on in dainty Eighteenth Century twirls and delicate shades, such as primrose, old rose, willowgreen, and faded French blue are employed in the embroidery. The sleeves are of grey moiré with frills of fine French lace, and the bodice is finished off with a frilly basque lined with pink.

Another good evening gown is of pink shot glace silk with a band of black velvet round the hem. Upon this black velvet is placed a frilling ruche of pink,



A TOQUE

which shows with excellent effect against the black. The pink bodice has waist ribbons of black velvet, and sleeves and soft puffings of white tulle with gold

SCHWEITZER'S

coatima.

Mrs. ADA BALLIN writes :- "The best Cocoa for young Infants." little Boys and Girls. For Anæmic Young Women, it is the only really nourishing Beverage for Breakfast and Tea. For Business Men it is the most stimulating and sustaining beverage. For Dyspeptics it is easily digestible, being for this reason preserable to all other kinds of Cocoa. Everybody, Cocoatina is still the Best Cocoa.

Perfect Fit. Guaranteed Wear. Exquisite Models.



DIAGONAL SEAM CORSETS.

Will not split in the Seams nor tear in the Fabric.

"The most comfortable Corsets ever made."—LADIES PICTORIAL.

made."—LADIES PICTORIAL.

Made in White, Black, and all the Fashionable Colours and Shades in Italian Cloth, Satin and Coutil: 4/11, 5/11, 6/11, 7/11 per pair and upwards.

CAUTION.—Every genuine Y. & N. Corset is Stamped. Sold by all Drapers and Ladies' Outlitters.



PARKER'S



CAPE ALL ROUND

Coachman's White Waterproofs,

High Class, 21/-All Garments Tailor-ma and thoroughly Waterproof.

Will Stand any Climate. FIT GUARANTEED.

Write for Patterns. CARRIAGE PAID.

PARKER'S CHEAPSIDE RUBBER WORKS LANCASTER.

& 3 (S

Promote Digestion.

Supplied to the Queen and Royal Family.

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining "HOVIS," or if what is supplied as "HOVIS" is not satisfactory, please write, sending sample (the cost of which will be defrayed) to

S. FITTON & SON, MILLERS, MACCLESFIELD.

Bakers recommending any other Bread in the place of "Hovis" do so for their own profit. BEWARE!

"Hovis Bread is very much superior to the ordinary Brown Bread, as it causes no irritability to the stomach, and it is, of course, infinitely richer, both in its bone and muscle-making substances, than the White Bread in general use."—T. MOWBRAY HENDERSON, M.D.

6d. or is. Samples of Bread and Biscuits on receipt of stamps.



WHITE SATIN GOWN, TRIMMED WITH GLACE RIBBONS

spangles on them. A pink poplin dress, trimmed with tiny frills of yellow lace, and a bodice of yellow tulle with a bolero of pink poplin embroidered in sequins over it, is very pretty.

A very useful thing for ordinary dinner wear is a velveteen bodice. In red velvet square cut, and with the opening edged with gold galon, inside which is a tiny tucker of yellow lace, it looks well. The puff sleeves are edged with deeper frills of lace, and gold galon, finishing in a bow at one side, forms the waist-band. The theatre jacket is also

useful, not only for the theatre but for occasionals, when the unavoidable cold renders low bodices undesirable. It is best made of brocade, and requires to be very smartly cut. In one of the new brocades, which are reproductions of the old in faint faded tones, it looks well. A jacket of drab brocade, patterned with dim rosebuds, and with a waistcoat of pink silk muslin, a wired medici collar lined with pink, a pointed sleeve cuff—from which falls a frill of yellow lace—and a cravat of the same lace, it is at once a genuinely artistic and a genuinely

The ARCTIC LIGHT CO., 179, REGENT St., LONDON, w.

Are now showing a Special Lot of Novelties for use with the

ARGTIG LAMPS

THE MOST PERFECT LIGHT FOR DECORATIVE PURPOSES.



THIS illustration shows the Arctic Lamp with shade support and extinguisher attached. When the lamp is fitted in a candlestick and surmounted by an ornamental shade the effect is exactly as if a wax candle were being used.

Pianos, &c.

Candelabra, &c. ...

WHAT THEY ARE.

A novel form of candle holders, in outward appearance resembling fine wax candles. They are constructed on the same principle as a carriage or reading lamp, in which the candle, enclosed in a metal tube, is forced up as it burns by means of a spiral spring inside.

They are clean and simple to refill, and require no attention or trimming when alight.

WHAT THEY DO.

They supply a long-felt want wherever candles are used, entirely preventing the candles guttering and the danger of the ornamental shade taking fire.

They allow of the candles being burned to the very end: yet in appearance they do not vary in height, thus saving a great amount of unnecessary waste. The candles are extinguished without smoke or smell, and without necessitating the removal of the shade.

WHAT THEY ARE FOR.

The decoration and lighting of dinner tables and rooms. They fit in any candlestick, and always remain the same height. As ordinary candle shades can be used with perfect safety, they are invaluable for this purpose alone.

They are especially adapted for use in India and other hot countries, where the want of candle is much felt, they not being affected by draught, and burning steadily whatever the temperature may be.

WHAT THEY COST.

Considering the saving in candles and burned shades, and the advantages obtained by using them as stated above, the initial cost is trifling.

They last a lifetime, and are very economical to use, costing less than the commonest wax candle would without the Arctic Lamp.

PRICES (COMPLETE WITH SHADE SUPPORT):

Brass Fittings. Plated Fittings.

6 inch, size of a 6's Wax Candle, for small Candlesticks,

000

... ... 9/- ... 10/6 per pair.

8 inch, size of a 4's Wax Candle, for Tall Candlesticks,

... 10/- ... 11/6

If by post, 3d. per pair extra.

ARCTIC LIGHTS-Suitable Candles for burning in the Arctic Lamp (highly recommended):

For 6 inch Lamps burning about 4½ hours, 1/4 per box of 12; postage 4½d.

If a quantity is sent by post, the difference in cost of postage will be refunded.

CAMBLE, LAMP & ELECTRIC SHADES IN GREAT VARIETY.

The Arctic Lamps, etc., can be obtained through any of the leading Silversmiths, Lamp Dealers, Furnishing Ironmongers in the United Kingdom; lot should there be any difficulty in seeing them in the Country, write for Illustrated Catalogue and name of nearest Agent to

49, HATTON GARDEN, LONDON, E.C. (Wholesale only.)

useful garment. In velveteen it also looks not amiss. In mouse-colour, with a vest of blue accordion-pleated glacé silk, a smart ruffle of glacé silk at the neck, and a sparing ruffle of point lace at the wrist, it is not without distinction.

A great deal of attention is now being paid to evening wraps, and the long coat hanging loose from a yoke with huge bishop sleeves is the most fashionable. Very pretty is one in dove-grey velveteen trimmed with mink. It is lined with pale heliotrope brocade, and a knot of scented violets is placed next the soft fur collar. In white they are prettiest of all, and a coat of white satin-faced cloth, trimmed with silver fox, and lined with pink glacé silk, is lovely. A fringed jewelled passementerie placed across the yoke gives éclat to these coats. For the benefit of the thrifty we may say that if prettily lined and trimmed they look very well in an ordinary cloth. A mossgreen cloth trimmed with black Thibet, and lined with old rose, for instance, is useful for both day and evening carriage wear.

Fans are very small and dainty, and spangles and sequins are on all of them. A couple of fans—a small white satin one sewn with spangles, and a black satin one with a tiny Watteau scene painted on it, and framed with sequins—are sufficient to see most girls through the winter.

The new embroidered lisses are very beautiful. The cream embroidery on a

black ground is the most effective, and a bodice of this mounted over a colour is most useful for wearing with a black skirt. The black laces served with cream, and the spangled nets are also excellent for renewing both day and evening blouses.

The pretty transparent lace and ruffled chiffon and tulle sleeves now being made for evening dresses are an excellent invention for those whose arms will not bear the fierce light that beats upon a ball-room. They tone down deficiencies just as a pretty veil improves a plain face. But pretty faces and pretty arms are wiser to trust to their own beauty unveiled and unadorned.

To turn to other topics, it is necessary to repeat a recommendation of the Arctic Lamps that was recently given in this column. Table decoration is always an important point, and especially at Christmas. These lamps are remarkably safe, so that no accidents can happen, while all the delicious effects of candle-light can be produced.

For children's parties and such of your adult friends as hold teetotal principles, Newhall and Mason's Wine Essence may be commended. Added to water it produces, with sugar, a

delicious elderberry cordial.

The jellies of Chivers and Sons are another great convenience at this time A jelly may be made in no time, with or without wine, and the result is as wholesome as it is delicious.

